

THE
LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 15.

DECEMBER, 1804.

VOL. II.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

SKETCH OF JOHN JAY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

JOHN JAY is well known to be one of the most illustrious characters in the American revolution. He is descended from one of those French protestants, whom the revocation of Henry the fourth's edict compelled to seek a refuge in foreign countries. These exiles spread themselves throughout all the protestant parts of Europe, and a little colony, somewhat more adventurous than their brethren, sought an asylum among the forests and morasses of the new world in the west. They settled on the shore of Long Island sound, where their language and manners are far from being quite extinct, even at this day.

Mr. Jay was trained to the law, that profession which constitutes, in America, the surest road to political eminence, and whose members generally took the lead in the opposition made to the claims of Great Britain by her colonies. Mr. Jay was equally conspicuous for his zeal and his abilities. His talents, however, were exerted in the diplomatic, rather than in the legislative field. As the revolution was chiefly indebted for its successful establishment to the countenance and aid of foreign powers, the statesmen and

patriots of America were as usefully and arduously employed at foreign courts, in the service of their country, as in the domestic legislature. Mr. Jay resided at the court of Spain several years, till the end of the war, as the representative and advocate of the new states, and his conduct in that capacity has secured him the highest praise.

An unfortunate difference which arose between Mr. Jay, while in Spain, and a young man, by name Littlepage, whom, at the entreaties of the youth's friends, he took under his guardianship, occasioned an appeal to the public, on some points of his private conduct, after his return home. The issue of this controversy was highly favourable to Mr. Jay, and showed that he was capable of a right decision in points of social conduct extremely delicate. Littlepage was a young man of brilliant parts, and contrived to involve his patron in difficulties, from which nothing but a great deal of moral rectitude, as well as a most perspicacious judgment, could have extricated him.

After serving his country at home, for a few years, John Jay was selected by Washington as ambassador to

England. He was charged with the important task of obtaining redress and compensation for the wrongs which our commerce had incurred from the British cruizers, and of securing our rights from future violation by a permanent commercial treaty. Every one knows the violent debates, not only in our legislative bodies, but among the people at large, which retarded the ratification of this treaty. As on all great national questions, these controversies were long and violent, and the merits of the treaty-maker were as loudly extolled by one party, as they were vehemently denied by the other. These altercations have long since given way to other disputes; time has allayed the fever of party rage, and experience has settled the merits of Mr. Jay's conduct on that occasion. Nobody ever questioned the uprightness of the ambassador's intentions, and, whether ultimate effects have justified his friends or his enemies in their prognostics, most certain it is, that the true interests of his country constituted the only object of his labours.

After his return from this embassy, he was chosen governor of his native state, New York, in which post, or in one still higher, he would probably have now been found, if the balance of political parties had not since changed its position. He has for some years lived in peaceful and modest retirement, and is said to be, at present, engaged in a literary undertaking of great weight and importance. If a feeble and obscure voice could have any influence over the employment of his time, it would be exerted to persuade him to throw the light of his own recorded experience on the momentous history of the revolution, in which he was so important and illustrious an actor.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

AMONG the many sayings which mankind have received as true,

there is none will bear the test of experience better than this: "Man is an imitative being." We are, indeed, at all times, imitating, or wishing to imitate, the actions, the dress, or the manners of others. Nor is this desire confined to any nation, to any rank, or to any condition; it is equally prevalent among the inhabitants of Siberia as among those of Otaheite; the wealthy, the indigent, the nobleman, the peasant, the wise, and the ignorant all yield, in some degree, to its influence: the whole, or, to use a more qualified expression, the greatest part of our conduct and actions consist but of one continued series of imitations, and there are few indeed who are willing to expose themselves to

———"the world's dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can
scorn,"

by acting purely from a conviction of the perfect propriety of their actions, considered independently of public opinion. We are influenced by the example of others, even when we are insensible of its power, or know that, by yielding to it, we are prostrating at the feet of fashion our reason, our principles, or our virtue.

To some this may appear strange, and some will not hesitate to declare it false, yet, generally speaking, it is a most sacred truth: a truth which every accurate observer of human conduct will acknowledge, and no considerate man will deny without investigation, and it requires the utmost firmness, and the most steady virtue, to overcome the delusion, or counteract its effects.

Even when we are sensible that the rules we have laid down for our own conduct are just, when we have prepared the way we mean to travel, we are unwilling to begin our journey, in defiance of public opinion, or without companions; or, if we do, should Satire attempt to wound us with her arrows, should Vanity strut contemptuously across our path, or Ridicule point at us with her finger, even while consci-

ous rectitude supports us, and sober reason confirms our resolutions, still we are apt to swerve from the path which Deliberation has pointed out, and Virtue approved.

These reflections were excited by the following incident :

Standing, some time ago, in — street, in conversation with several gentlemen, an old decrepid man presented himself to ask charity. To describe his figure is not quite in my power. His countenance possessed no feature which made it remarkable; it might once have been interesting to many, to me it was still so: it might have once been handsome, but sorrow and age had marked it with indelible furrows, and time had scattered his snows with profusion on his wrinkled temples.

He said he had been a soldier; he had fought and been wounded at the unfortunate battle of Brandywine; he had since that time subsisted by labour, but age had unnerved his arm, and the effects of his wounds rendered him no longer capable of enduring fatigues. He was now begging, or endeavouring to beg, a sufficient sum to bear his expences to Washington, where he intended to solicit a pension from government.

At the name of a soldier my heart warms with emotion. When I see before me an aged and distressed veteran, my imagination paints the time when he stood in the ranks of war, defending the liberty of his country, and shielding it from the oppressive arm of an unjust and deluded prince; I contrast his present with his former condition; I fancy I feel his distresses, and my hand involuntarily enters my pocket, to draw forth the scanty pittance I can give for his relief. I know not why it is so. I have never been a soldier. At that time, when every patriot's arm was raised in the defence of our country, the distinctions of liberty and slavery were unknown to me; infancy excluded all cares of this nature from my bosom: yet there is something so interesting in

beholding one who has escaped with life from all the perils of a long-protracted war, that forcibly arrests our attention, and excites our regard.

VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

HOW TO PRESERVE POTATOES
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

PUT water in a pot over the fire; when the water boils, dip in an osier basket, or cabbage net, full of potatoes. After being completely immersed during four seconds, withdraw the basket, or net, and renew the operation with the remainder of the potatoes, taking care to keep the water boiling as before. The potatoes are then to be placed on boards, and exposed to the sun, and a current of air, in order to dry them as quickly as possible. After this, they are to be removed to a garret, or any other apartment, where they are to be kept dry, and turned frequently.

CONDORCET'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

Of Condorcet's posthumous work, entitled, "*Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progres de l'Esprit Humain*," three thousand copies were distributed throughout France, at the public expence, under the directorial government.

DUTCH TRANSLATION OF OVID.

Holland, which is not supposed to sacrifice frequently to the graces, has, since its revolution, produced a translation of one of the most elegant poets of the Augustan age, into the vernacular tongue. Ovid's Art

of Love, in Low Dutch, must, of course, be a treat to the critics! The title, which does not promise much melody, is as follows: *Ovid's Kunst zu Lieben, in der versart der Originals uebersezt van Friderich Karl van Strombek.*

PHILOSOPHICAL LANGUAGE.

The necessity of a new idiom, for expressing the new ideas that arise in the arts and sciences, is self-evident. Linnæus obtained this for natural history; Lavoisier and Fourcroy attempted the same, with success, in botany; and Vicq d'Azyr followed their foot-steps, so far as respects anatomy. Werner has given a *nomenclature* to mineralogy, which has been adopted throughout Germany, and Berthout and Stuve, the disciples of this great master, have presented the French nation with a systematic vocabulary of that language.

PERKINS.

Fuller, in his Holy State, says of a certain Perkins, that "he was an excellent chirurgeon at joynting of a broken soul; and would pronounce the word 'Damn' with such an emphasis, as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after." He was lame of the right hand; and Hugh Holland, in his *Icones*, saith of him:

*Dextera quantumvis fuerat tibi manca,
docendi*

Pollebas mirâ dexteritate tamen.

Tho' Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft,

Right well thou writest with thy hand that's *left*.

STEREOTYPE PRINTING.

The practice of stereotype printing, adopted in Paris by Didot, appears to be one of the most consi-

derable improvements connected with literature that has been made since the invention of moveable types. Those who confound the block-printing with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and the moveable types are thus converted to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expence of a solid page does not exceed that of re-setting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power which they give of taking off as many impressions at any one time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand will never be out of print. Didot was enabled to sell at Paris neat editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and Lady Montague's Letters, as low as fifteen cents per copy.

THE HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

The horse without hair, which has been so long exhibited in Germany as of a peculiar breed in the island of Cyprus, and of which a very particular account may be found in the *Journal de Physique*, and other periodical journals of the continent, turns out at last to be a real German horse, of which the following is the history, according to a notice of G. F. Sebal, in the *Berlin Magazine*. This animal, of the common breed of the country, was formerly furnished with hair, and belonged to a coach-owner, of Ho-

henloe-Oehtingen, in Franconia, by whom it was sold to a neighbouring peasant, in whose possession it continued, while the change by which it has become so celebrated was going on. Being ill of the botts, his master mixed with his food for a whole year the leaves and young shoots of savine. Soon after the commencement of this regimen, the horse changed his rough coat, and became covered with fine shining hairs. Encouraged by this, the peasant pushed his new medicine with vigour, and in a short time the new hair fell off. A coat not less sleek than the former, however, soon succeeded; but this in a few months fell off like the other, and the animal remained naked. A third effort was made by nature, but in vain; and the horse became irreparably deprived of hair, except on the mane, the fettock joints, and the tail. The peasant, ashamed of the subject of his experiment, sold him; his new master plucked out the few hairs that were left, and disposing of him to an ingenious Italian, he was led about as a show from town to town, by the name of the wonderful horse from the island of Cyprus. The zoologists eagerly adopted this clumsy fraud, and, but for the ill-timed discovery of the luckless subject of the Franconian's experiment, it might have occupied a distinguished place in the *Systema Naturæ*.

GREATHEAD'S LIFE-BOAT.

Its form is that of a long spheriod, thirty feet in length, by twelve feet over; either end pointed, and thus calculated to row both ways, an oar serving the purpose of the helm; about eighteen inches below the gunwale a strong lining of cork covers the whole of the inside, which gives the boat such a buoyancy as enables it to live in any water. The crew usually consists of twenty men, and the capacity of the boat enables it to receive about ten more. Mr. Henry Greathead was

the original constructor, a native of, and a ship-carpenter at, South Shields.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK AND ALEXANDER.

The Russian and Prussian sovereigns had an interview, in 1802, at Memel. As they were one day walking on the quay of Memel, they got into conversation with an English captain of a vessel then in the port: after the conversation had lasted some time, the king told the English captain, that that was the emperor of Russia; the captain, a good deal astonished, changed from the familiar tone into a very respectful one. The emperor then told him, This is the king of Prussia. "O! your servant gentlemen," said the English captain, "don't think to play upon me: so good bye to you, Mr. Emperor and Mr. King!" Saying this, he turned on his heel, and left them in high dudgeon.

For the Literary Magazine.

ST. DOMINGO.

WHEN I first heard of the black chief of St. Domingo bestowing on himself the title of emperor of Hayti, I could not help smiling. I thought, at first, it was the device of some wag, who wanted to ridicule the ambition of Bonaparte, but it turned out to be a specimen of that miserable and childish spirit of imitation, which some think characteristic of the negro race.

The affairs of St. Domingo constitute an extraordinary picture. A sovereign and independent nation of blacks, endowed with the language and many of the arts, especially the military art, of the most refined nation of the earth, presents itself to our view, in an island separated by a wide ocean from their native or original country. A mob of slaves

have contrived to expel their masters from the finest spot on the globe, and to form themselves into a political body, probably not less than twelve or fifteen times more numerous than any other community of their colour. In Africa, there are doubtless many millions of negroes, but the largest *community* of them probably does not exceed a few thousands; whereas, at the breaking out of the revolution, the negro population of St. Domingo somewhat exceeded 600,000: so that, if the denominations of empire or emperor are justified by comparative importance, Hayti and its chief are more entitled to these splendid titles, by their superiority to all other black nations, than France and its new emperor are, by their pre-eminence above other European nations.

What, says the inquisitive mind, is to be the future destiny of Hayti? Should it be, in future, left to itself, or should it be able to resist the external efforts made to subdue it? The blacks are wholly unacquainted with the arts of government. They are, by education and condition at least, a lawless and ferocious race, who will bow to nothing but a stern and sanguinary despotism. For a time, at least, we can expect nothing but a series of bloody revolutions, in which one military adventurer shall rise upon the ruins of another, till, at length, some breathing interval will occur long enough to furnish the hereditary principle room to operate, and to engage the affections and obedience of the people to some one fortunate family.

That the blacks of St. Domingo will be left to themselves is, however, by no means probable. They will, no doubt, remain unmolested till the conclusion of the present war in Europe; but *then*, it is easy to foresee, that the whole power of France will be bent to the recovery of this valuable colony. Revenge, pride, interest, every motive that usually governs individuals or nations, will combine to stimulate the efforts of the French towards this

quarter. We are, indeed, assured, that an army of fifty thousand men have already been selected, and that marshal Bernadotte, one of the greatest military characters in France, has been already nominated for this expedition, which will proceed to its destined point the moment that the wars in Europe are brought to an end. The consequences are sufficiently obvious. The struggle will be obstinate and destructive, but the growing superiority of numbers, on the side of the invaders, will render the ultimate event sure. The blacks will be reduced to a miserable remnant, who will be lost and confounded with the helpless multitude annually imported from Africa, to supply the previous waste.

The interest of the European colonists is such, that we cannot expect that the French designs upon St. Domingo will meet with any interruption from their neighbours. Such, at least, will be the notions of the British government. A common politician would be inclined to suppose, that the British power in the West Indies would be more endangered by the re-establishment of their great rivals in St. Domingo, than by the independence of the Hayti empire. The wealth and population of all the British isles bear a slender proportion to those of St. Domingo, after a conquest and a peace of a few years, while the latter has over the former the important advantage which attends one compact realm over scattered and disjointed provinces. Against the French, even during peace, a great naval and military establishment must be maintained, which will, by no means, be necessary against the blacks.

Should Hayti continue independent, or should it regain independence at any future period, its history will be a curious chapter in *the book of great contingency*, and such as, I believe, has no parallel in the former history of mankind. A fertile island, in America, inhabited by a race of negroes, derived from a

stock in the heart of Africa, who have been raised, by the very slavery of their ancestors, to a similitude in manners, religion, arts, and language with the most potent and refined of the christian or European nations, is the grand outline of this history.

What, indeed, will become of the posterity of the negroes now residing in North and South America?.... Their present servile condition cannot possibly continue for ever, but the race must necessarily continue, and they cannot fail to go on multiplying to an indefinite extent. They must gradually become personally free, but, no doubt, will, for ages to come, constitute the lowest class of that society to which they belong. They are so distributed throughout the two continents, that no separate community can possibly be generated by their separate interests. Their situation in the islands is somewhat different; and it is by no means impossible, that they may all, at some remote period, become, what St. Domingo has already become, sovereign nations or communities of negroes, by whom the whites shall be tolerated, at one time, as useful guests, and persecuted, at another, as detested enemies.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPLINES.

THIS word is the technical translation of the French *cheville*. When there is a gap, chink, or rift, in the wainscot, which a carpenter is employed to fill up, he cuts a lath to the length of the aperture, planes it to the right width, and inserts it. Such inserted bits of wood, contrived to fit a given vacancy, are called *splines* or *chevilles*; and those hemistichs, and shorter portions of lines, which are inserted by poets merely to eke out the metre, or to provide the requisite rhyme, are, by analogy, called, among the French

critics, *chevilles*. Why may not we call them *splines*? It is one of the most important secrets of versification to shape one's *splines* dexterously, and in a workman-like manner; to make the after-insertions appear like a part of the original conception; to inlay epithets and dovetail hemistichs together, without the appearance of thwarting the grain, or interrupting the veins of the wood.

For the Literary Magazine.

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON.

RICHARDSON and Fielding were cotemporaries, and adopted the same kind of composition: that is to say, fictitious biography. The limits of this sphere are extremely wide and comprehensive; and it is somewhat remarkable, that two writers of the same language, period, and nation, and who both painted from the scene of life before them, should betake themselves to the opposite limits of this sphere; should select objects, characters, and incidents, as remote as possible from each other, in every circumstance but that of living at the same period, and (as to some of them) being natives of the same country.

Richardson was truly an original writer: not only his characters and incidents, but his mode of telling his story, was without any previous example. Fielding and Smollet professed themselves the imitators, one of Cervantes, and the other of Le Sage. They both, however, bore a nearer resemblance, in the plan and structure of their tales, to the latter than the former.

Fielding's characters are such as we daily meet with. They are composed of these ordinary and motley materials, which make up the characters of the great bulk of mankind. The principal characters of Richardson are such as we seldom or never meet with: but it does not follow that the fable of one

is probable, and that of the other improbable. The *natural* and *probable*, with all the credit belonging to these epithets, belong at least as much to Richardson as to Fielding: but Richardson's characters are rare, merely because moral and intellectual excellence is rare; while Fielding's are common, merely because vicious, and stupid, and mixed characters are common. This difference, however, has produced the difference which has taken place in the popularity of the respective authors. The bulk of readers will always read and relish Fielding, because he describes scenes and characters familiar and intelligible to themselves, and into which they can fully enter. They cannot, on the contrary, sympathise with, and even comprehend high moral and intellectual excellence, and hence reject Richardson as unnatural, insipid, or unmeaning.

Richardson, however, has all that Fielding possesses, as well as all that he wants. All sorts of scenes and characters are to be found in his works, but his principal characters are raised above vulgar sympathy and comprehension, either by their intellectual or moral excellence. Fielding's mode of telling his story humours the superficial and impatient taste of common readers, to whom the voluminous letters and dialogues of Richardson, though so amply and eloquently unfolding all the workings of the human heart and understanding, are tedious and redundant.

Fielding is most in his element when in the kitchen of an inn, or the parlour of an alehouse. He is awkward and uncouth in the drawing-room. Profligate footmen or lying chambermaids appear to be the only companions to his taste, and with whom he finds himself most at ease. A drinking or boxing match is a favourite theme for his descriptive powers. He depicts profligate and vulgar scenes and characters with an air of gaiety and cordiality, and like one who was himself a-kin to the actors. If he ascends to men

and women of rank and virtue, he describes them as their valets would describe them. An air of vulgarity and coarseness is spread over them, which reduces them all to the same level, and though his stories, considered as to their general texture, may be termed moral, the spirit of his descriptions renders them much otherwise. They tend to familiarize, and produce a kind of cordial and intimate acquaintance between us and characters which, on the whole, are vulgar and vicious.

The tendency of Richardson's tales, and the spirit of his descriptions, are directly opposite to those of Fielding. They are universally acknowledged to be the most powerful teachers of virtue and generosity that are extant. And yet their efficacy must, of course, be limited to those who read and relish them. His principal characters are distinguished by the elevation of their rank and education, and the unacquainted reader would naturally suppose that the author had passed his life in the company of nobles and princes. All the sentiments and habits, either good or bad, belonging to what are called the higher classes of society, appear to be familiar and congenial to him: but, what makes the wonder is, that he can paint the stupid, low, and uncultivated classes of society, their habits, prejudices, and sentiments, with at least as much variety, truth, and energy, as his rival has displayed.

It is not much to be wondered at, that men of taste and genius so opposite should be averse to each other. Fielding took the trouble of modelling one of his tales, Joseph Andrews, into a kind of satire on Richardson's Pamela. A most unlucky and ridiculous attempt, and the only thing wanting to convince us, that as Fielding was incapable of producing, so he was incapable of understanding, the productions of Richardson. I mean not by this to condemn Joseph Andrews as a fable or tale, but merely as a satire.

It may be thought a trifling point of resemblance between these cele-

brated writers that each of them produced three principal works. The same may be said of Smollet and of Miss Burney. Their works equalled the number of the graces, but not of the muses.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTRODUCTION OF THE KINE
POCK INTO INDIA.

A RECENT and important discovery in Europe has been propagated with speed to another hemisphere, and circulated through the medium of the press by either a Gentoo or Mahomedan printer. From Asia inoculation was derived to Europe, and Europe returns the benefit to Asia with large increase. Thus the progress of science binds the nations of the earth together in the soft chains of mutual advantage—one effort for the relief of human distress.

It is to the liberal views of an enlightened philosopher and statesman, that the world is indebted for this happy event: than which there is nothing of a more merciful nature, in the whole history of medical, or political institutions. That philosopher and statesman is Jonathan Duncan, Esq. governor of Bombay, justly renowned for his successful endeavours to extend the interests of the British nation, by uniting them with those of the Asiatic tribes, whose lot it has been to fall under their dominion.

It was to his zealous interposition that the Indian world is chiefly indebted for the blessings of vaccination. The governor judged the most likely way to secure so desirable an object would be, to engage his majesty's minister at Constantinople to co-operate with him by directing virus to be forwarded, from time to time, to Bombay by the way of Bagdad and Bussorah.

Mr. Duncan's correspondence with lord Elgin, minister at Constantinople, commenced in March,

1801. His lordship replied, July 31st, declaring his readiness to pay early attention to the governor's wishes, and in a particular manner to his desire of receiving the cow-pox matter. The difficulty of conveying the infection had rendered several attempts he had made to bring it to Constantinople that spring abortive. But he had directed that some should be sent to him by every post from Vienna. Lord Elgin wrote again to the governor, September 8, 1801, inclosing a quill of vaccine matter, together with a book on the subject published at Vienna, and announcing that he had fairly established the vaccine inoculation at Constantinople. As a proof of its mildness, he mentions that he had inoculated his child on the 6th of September, though only born 31st of August.

After many unsuccessful attempts the vaccine inoculation was established at Bagdad; from whence it was communicated to Bussorah; and from thence to Bombay. This blessing refused to be communicated from Europe by water-carriage, and chose a progress by land...from Vienna, *via* Constantinople, to Bussorah; from whence it passed, by a short passage of three weeks, to Bombay; and from thence to all parts of India. From Mr. Milne, at Bussorah, the surgeons at Bombay received supplies of virus carefully put up in different ways. Between twenty or thirty subjects were inoculated at this place, with the threads impregnated with the virus, in various modes and by different surgeons; only one instance of success occurred in all those inoculated. Anna Dustholl, the child of a female servant belonging to captain Hardie, was inoculated by Dr. Helenus Scott on the 14th of June, with complete success. Anna was about three years of age, healthy and certainly never had the small-pox. "She was remarkably good-tempered, and to her quietness and patience in suffering the operation, its success is in some measure to be attributed." On the 22d day of June,

the 8th day of the disease, five children were inoculated with virus from the pustule. These subjects were all affected in the same way; and as the local and constitutional symptoms were similar in all of them, every medical man who examined the pustule, was decidedly of opinion, that the disease they had produced was genuine. The physicians at Bombay had it now in their power to communicate the benefit of this discovery to every part of India, perhaps to China, and the whole eastern world. Nor do they seem, under the influence of the excellent governor, the great patron of vaccination in the east, to have spared any pains by which one of the greatest evils that has afflicted humanity, may be, in a great degree, diminished, or even extinguished. Dr. Scott, in particular, has been unwearied and constant in his exertions for the diffusion of so heavenly a blessing. The zealous efforts of Dr. Anderson, physician general at Fort St. George, are also eminently distinguished. The interest occasioned by the account of the introduction of vaccine inoculation at Bombay, was at Madras great and general. And Dr. Anderson was at the pains of circulating, through the medium of the Madras Gazette, all the reports that were transmitted to him from Bombay on this subject. As inoculation from the cow-pox was introduced from Bombay at Madras, so from Madras this merciful discovery proceeded, in a northerly direction to the presidency of Bengal.

The governor general in council, November, 1802, after liberal applause bestowed on those through whose diligence the introduction of Dr. Jenner's discovery at Bengal was promoted, ordered, that a notification should be prepared and published in the Persian, Hindavy, Bengalese, and Shanscrit languages, giving

1. A succinct history of the discovery, in which the curious, and to the Hindoos very interesting, circumstance, that this wonderful pre-

ventive was originally procured from the body of the cow, should be *emphatically* remarked.

2. An explanation of the important and essential advantages which vaccination possesses over the small-pox inoculation, and,

Lastly, An earnest exhortation to the natives of these provinces to lose no time in availing themselves of this inestimable benefit, scarcely inferior to any that was ever communicated by one nation to another.

The propriety of *emphatically* remarking the source from whence the preventive alluded to was derived, will appear manifest at once, when we reflect on the prejudices of the Hindoos, and, we believe, of the Persians too, in favour of the cow.

For a more particular account of the steps by which vaccine inoculation has been established in India, we must refer to the collections published by Dr. Keir. Suffice it to say, that the inhabitants of that country, of all ranks, descriptions, and religions, place the utmost confidence in its efficacy. It may be necessary, however, to add, that the vaccine inoculation is found to possess, throughout India, the same wonderful powers in shielding the human constitution from the small-pox, that it does in Europe.

Dr. Keir having traced, from authentic documents, the introduction of the cow-pox into India, describes the disease, as it has appeared to the medical board at Bombay, in its various stages, the symptoms attending its progress, and the means of distinguishing the true disease from the spurious.

In a letter dated March 23d, 1803, from the governor of Bombay, Mr. Duncan says, "It affords a very comfortable reflection, that we have been at last able, through your assistance, and that of lord Elgin, to propagate the vaccine disease throughout India, as well as experimentally to ascertain, that it is of the very best kind, and perfectly secures those who have had it from the small-pox; by which the lives of millions yet unborn, may, and

must, indeed, be saved; and if our influence in India has ever entailed evils on the natives, this one act of kindness on our part, ought to be viewed as no inconsiderable or inadequate compensation."

But it is almost certain that the aversion of the Gentoos to the customs of Europe, and their strong antipathy to every thing foreign, would have rejected it, if it had not been recommended by a veneration for that sacred animal from which it sprung! Never was there a more conspicuous proof and example of the mysterious manner in which all human incidents and events are interwoven as causes and effects in the general and reticulated system; how light may spring out of darkness, knowledge from ignorance and superstition, and good be educed from evil. In like manner, the Romish superstition promoted the arts of statuary, sculpture, and painting.

For the Literary Magazine.

PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE basis of the English language is a dialect of the Gothic: hence all words of Saxon origin have a national physiognomy about them; the air of natives. These when forgotten may freely be revived; when wanted, may freely be made use of. The old French words, on the contrary, which, from the Norman conquest, till the establishment of protestantism, were so lavishly and indiscriminately used by all professional men, and almost all authors, are not congenial with our language, nor akin to the primitive stock of terms: when once obsolete, they will seldom bear to be revived. Protestantism banished the Norman English, and restored the ancient vulgar dialect to the rank of a national language, by introducing it both into worship and literature. We have since taken many words directly

from the Latin and Greek; but we have banished more French words than we have invited. In attempting to form a sort of English *Gaulois*, which, by its antiquated yet pleasing simplicity, seems to be the proper dress, the natural *costume* of tales of chivalry, attention should be paid to this irresistible tendency of our language. Not all the words in the glossary to Chaucer can be restored: the Saxon terms have the best chance: of the French only the technical may be retained; the names of pieces of dress and armour, now in use no more. The modern Latin terms of the language must studiously be avoided, although familiar; they are like new purple patches on an old garment, which disguise its fashion and reveal its shabbiness.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. YOUNG.

TILL the publication of Richardson's correspondence, we knew little or nothing of Dr. Young but as a poet. There is, indeed, some prose of his extant, but that quaint, studied, and terse style, which seems to be required by the nature of poetry, appears to little advantage in prose. We expect, when language is unshackled by number and rhyme, that it should flow with simplicity and ease. So far from being anxious to express our thoughts in the fewest possible words, or to reduce our expressions to any one numerical standard, the beauty of prosaic composition seems occasionally to require a prodigality of words, and always a total exemption from metrical arrangement.

The principal and most popular work, in prose, of Dr. Young is *The Centaur not Fabulous*: a title, the meaning of which might justly be proposed, to ordinary readers, as an excellent riddle. This performance is indebted for its fame chiefly to the wisdom it is designed to convey. It

pourtrays the *latter end* of the profligate and infidel, and exhibits, in vivid colours, the horror and despair of a *too late* repentance. The picture, however, is drawn with a stiff and unnatural pencil. It is wholly destitute of pathos and simplicity, and, in these respects, bears a striking resemblance to the *Night Thoughts*: a work which abounds with energies of thought, fancy, and expression, but possesses not an atom of genuine sensibility.

With these impressions of the intellectual character of Dr. Young, I was not a little surprised, on opening a volume of Mrs. Barbauld's late publication, to find, in his letters to Richardson, a vein of epistolary elegance, spirit, and ease, very little consistent with the genius of his other compositions. Passages may be selected from these letters, which are models of ingenious compliment and didactic wisdom; and none of Richardson's friends appear to have so justly and completely entered into his views, or so thoroughly comprehended the excellence of his tales. In the two following sentences, an objection against the character of Lovelace is obviated with great force, and the second sentence contains an image of uncommon splendour and dignity.

"Be not concerned about Lovelace: 'tis the likeness, not the morality of a character we call for. A sign-post angel can by no means come into competition with the devils of Michel Angelo."

The following arguments, in defence of the plan of *Clarissa*, are equally just and original:

"Does Lovelace more than a proud, bold, graceless heart, long indulged in vice, would naturally do? No. Is it contrary to the common method of Providence to permit the best to suffer most? No. When the best do *so* suffer, does it not most deeply affect the human heart? Yes. And is it not your business to affect the human heart, as deeply as you can? Yes.

"Your critics censure from ignorance, or envy, or affectation of a

delicate concern and high zeal for virtue, or from such a degree of infidelity as suffers not their thoughts to accompany *Clarissa* any further than her grave. Did they look further, the pain they complain of would be removed. They would find her an object of envy as well as pity, and the *distressed* would be more than outweighed by the *triumphant* *Clarissa*, and thus would they be reconciled to a story, at which their short-sighted tenderness for virtue pretends to take offence.

"Believe me, christians of taste will applaud your plan; and they who, themselves, would act the part of Lovelace, will find the greatest fault with it."

In another letter, alluding to the sudden death of his next door neighbour, he exclaims:

"What has man to do but to know the vanity, and shun the vexation, of human life? Evils fly so near and so thick about us, that I'm half persuaded we should aim at little more than negative good here, and positive in another scene. Escape here, and enjoyment hereafter."

Let us hear and admire the morality of the following pages:

"Hope is quartered on the middle of life, and fear on the latter end of it; and hope is ever inspiring pleasant dreams, and fear hideous ones; and if any good arises beyond our hope, we have such a diffidence of its stay, that the apprehension of losing it destroys the pleasure of possessing it. It adds to our fears rather than increases our joys.... What shall we do in such a case? Why, since the things of this life, from their mixture, defectiveness, and brief duration, are unable to satisfy, we must aid their *natural* by *moral* pleasure. We must season them with a spice of religion, to make them more palatable. We must consider that 'tis God's will that we should be pleased with them. And thus the *thinness* of the natural pleasure, by our sense of joining an *obedience to Heaven* to it, will become much more substantial

and satisfactory. We shall find great account in considering content not only as a prudence, but as a *duty* too.

"Religion is all; and, happy for us, it is all-sufficient too in our last extremities: a full proof of which I will steal from yourself. So all-sufficient is religion, that you could not draw, in *Clarissa*, the strongest object of pity, without giving us in it (thanks to religion) an object of envy too."

The following ideas of lunacy, if not new, are just and striking. Speaking of a young person so unfortunate, he says:

"But we know not what we pity. She is dead to us, and in another state of existence. We are in the world of reason; she is in the kingdom of imagination: nor can we more judge of her happiness or misery, than we can judge of the joy or sorrow of one asleep. Those that sleep are, for a time, in the kingdom of imagination also, and she, as they, suffers or enjoys, according to the texture of the dreams that prevail."

Speaking of his own retirement, where there were wells of chalybeate water, he says, very beautifully:

"This place will be as salutary to *Clarissa* as to yourself; for amid your multiplicity of business, how you can sufficiently attend to her charms is to me astonishing. We are told, indeed, that *Venus* rose from the sea; but I don't remember that it was the sea in a storm, which seems to be no unapt resemblance to your London life."

Can there be a more delicate vein of compliment or criticism than is conveyed in the following passages?

"Your *Clarissa* is, I find, the virgin mother of several pieces, which, like beautiful suckers, rise from her immortal root. I rejoice at it, for the noblest compositions need such aids, as the multitude is swayed more by others' judgment than their own. How long was *Paradise Lost* an obscure book?..... Authors give works their merit, but

readers give them their fame; and it is their fame which gives them that salutary influence with mankind, which every estimable writer proposes to himself. Suppose, in the title-page of the *Night Thoughts*, you should say, *published by the author of Clarissa*."

To the few who estimate Richardson as he deserves, the following compliments, on the publication of *Grandison*, will be applauded as true, while all must admire them as eloquent compliments.

"Joy to you, my dear sir, and joy to the world! you have done great things for it. And I shall venture to affirm, that no one shall read you without either great benefit or great guilt.

"Shall I tell you what I think? You would not let me, if you knew what I was about to say. When the pulpit fails, other expedients are necessary. I look on you as an instrument of Providence, adjusted to the peculiar exigencies of the times, in which all would be fine gentlemen, and only know not what the character requires. While they read perhaps from pure vanity, they do not read in vain, and are betrayed into benefit, while they aim at nothing but amusement. I speak not this at a venture: I am so happy as already to have had proofs of what I say.

"And as I look on you as an instrument of Providence, I likewise regard you as a sure heir of a double immortality: with our language one indeed may cease, but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no period to the other. Happy is the man whose head has secured him one immortality, and whose heart entitles him to the other!"

For the Literary Magazine.

A FRAGMENT.

HUSH, said a child, who was striving to quiet his little sister, hush, somebody is at the door.

It was the abode of a widow, whose husband had fallen a victim to the then prevailing epidemic.... The tap was gentle; the voice was more so....it was the voice of philanthropy, of heavenly commiseration, and sweeter did it sound in my ear, than the most mellifluous tone of a well-tuned instrument under the fingers of a connoisseur in the enchanting art; and as exquisitely did it operate on the finer feelings of my soul.

Who can that benevolent person be? said I, mentally, while I held a bank-note in my hand of considerable value, which the child had been desired to give his mother, who lay ill in an adjoining room, and was then asleep. Was the deed such as to cast a shade over the character so necessarily dear to man, night should hold it enveloped in its sable folds for ever; but an action so capable of reflecting lustre on the human heart, certainly ought to be unmantled and told before the mid-day sun. Nor was it idle curiosity which prompted me to follow this secret dispenser of charity, under covert of the evening, until the door of Humanitus opened, when wonder ceased to operate in any other manner than in not having recollected a voice so wont to soothe the poor and heavy hearted, so familiar to all the children of wretchedness, within his sphere of action.

Yet the coffer of Humanitus abounds not with that shining metal, so treasured by some, and idolized by the fashionable, who know not how to dispense with the superfluities of life. Blest with the virtues of his pious ancestors, and possessing an amiable and intelligent companion, Contentment hovers over his dwelling, and ever-smiling Concord is its inestimable inmate: but, if not silenced by Philanthropy, Prudence might often whisper council foreign from the feelings of his beneficent heart.

Such, reader, was Humanitus. But the bosom of Humanitus is no more in unison with the offspring of

calamity. The frost of apathy has succeeded that glow of warmth in his heart, darkness has enmantled his form, and already has the moisture of the grave crept over him.

* * * * *

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.

WHAT ARE ARIANS, SOCINIANS, NECESSARIANS, AND MATERIALISTS?

THESE are names of which most persons are familiar with the sound, but with the meaning of which few have any accurate acquaintance. Many of our readers, therefore, will be pleased with the following plain and short definitions of them:

The arians are so called from Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, in the fourth century. Their doctrine is, that there is but one God, who is alone unbegotten, and that he begat his only son Jesus Christ, before eternal ages, by whom he made *the ages and the world!*

They considered him as the first-begotten, and the only begotten son of God, before all creation, and formation of worlds, either visible or invisible. This was their capital doctrine. Of the Holy Ghost they believed, that he *proceeded* from the Father and the Son, but was not co-eternal with the Father, nor equal with the Son. These doctrines, sometimes called the eusebian, from Eusebius, stand opposed to that of a trinity in unity, or the athanasian doctrine, which is, that there are three persons in the godhead, all unbegotten, uncreated, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and that these three are but one God. This latter is the doctrine of the church of England.

The socinians are so called from Socinus, a learned Pole, who flour-

ished in the 16th century: they maintain that God is but one in the strictest sense of the word, *ipsa Unitas*; and that Jesus Christ, though sent into the world for an extraordinary purpose, as a great prophet, was but a mere man; —*merus homo*. Socinus's writings, with those of his brethren, containing a body of scriptural criticism, are published under the form of *Opera Fratrum Polonorum*. They oppose both the arian and trinitarian hypothesis.

The necessarian holds, that "man is a necessary agent, all his actions being determined by the causes that preceded them, so that not one past action could have possibly come to pass, nor one future action can possibly not come to pass, or be otherwise than it shall be."

The materialists suppose, that man is not a complex being, composed of two distinct substances, body and spirit, but of one substance, body, or matter; mind being, according to them, the effect of a peculiar organization of matter. Dr. Hartley is the great modern authority on these two last doctrines.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S RELIGION.

Half the world is governed by authority and example. The socinians are accustomed to quote the example of sir Isaac Newton, in behalf of their own tenets; but it is evident that bare authority is nothing, or, if it has any intrinsic weight, it is relatively nothing, since on almost all opinions authority on both sides may be produced, and the equally loaded scales will be as much in equilibrio as if neither had any thing in it.

The unity of God was the foundation of Newton's theology. This idea he brought with him to the explication of the christian doctrines. He became, therefore, a unitarian, or, in the strictest sense of the word, a socinian.

The pains which he took to prove 1 John, v. 7, THE THREE HEA-

VENLY WITNESSES as the text is called, a spurious passage, would naturally lead trinitarians to suppose, that he, at least, was not orthodox.

A person of strict probity and respectability, who lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with sir Isaac, assures us, that he *was* a socinian; and expressed his fears, that Dr. Clarke, who had embraced the arian hypothesis, would injure the cause of christianity. The person was Hopton Haynes, assayer-master at the mint, at the time that Newton was warden.

Newton was also, in his private judgment, a baptist, though not practically so: this he declared to a man of veracity, his deputy Lucasian professor, William Whiston, as may be seen in Whiston's Memoirs, written by himself.

Newton, therefore, though not an open oppugner of the church, was a silent dissenter; a philosopher, who had a creed of his own, with which he did not perplex the theological world.

INTERPRETATIONS OF PROPHECY.

The weakness and arrogance of the human understanding are manifested in nothing more than in the infinitely various and contradictory expositions of the scriptural prophecies, and especially of the book of *Revelations*, which have been given, at different times, by learned men. To ingenious and endless conjectures of grave students, on this subject, we may add the opinion of the whimsical but learned William Whiston, who published *An Essay on the Revelations*, in which he conceived some prophecy fulfilled by the victories of prince Eugene. What could Whiston do less than dedicate his essay to the prince, and present him with a copy? And what could the noble Eugene do less than thank him for the compliment? The prince, however, professed, modestly enough, not to have been aware that he had the honour

of being known to St. John. The best part of the story is, that he made Whiston a present of fifteen guineas.

THE SEAT OF EXCELLENCE.

Vitruvius asserts, that it is necessary for an architect to be conversant in all human learning; he even intimates, that he must be familiar with the laws of the country in which he erects an edifice....*or it may be built upon land to which there is not a good title!* This is carrying it too far; yet, for attaining a high rank in what is properly denominated a polite art, something more than mere mechanical skill will be found useful and advantageous. Rubens was highly accomplished in every branch of classical literature, which qualified him so eminently to excel in his allegorical and emblematical compositions, particularly in that grand series in the Luxembourg gallery, which describe the life of Mary de Medicis. By his learning, politeness, and various acquirements, he obtained the confidence and protection of monarchs. By the king of Spain he was employed in a ministerial capacity; and by the king and nobility of England liberally patronized, and treated with the highest respect. On the whole, his works, which are still the most distinguished ornaments of many convents, churches, and palaces throughout Europe, evince a mind fraught with information, while they have given additional importance to the arts; his amiable manners and literary accomplishments have exalted the character of an artist to a higher rank than it had hitherto attained.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is in the recollection of most of us, united to his professional talents, an elegance of diction, which enabled him, in his lectures, to describe those arts he so well understood, in terms that would have done honour to the man

who devoted his whole life to literature; and he added to all, a suavity which endeared him to all his friends. The following observations, which he made in one of his lectures, are well worthy of consideration and imitation:

“My success and continual improvement in my art (if I may be allowed the expression), may be ascribed to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy.

“I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature: by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve his art.

“My principal labour was employed on the whole together, and I was never weary of changing and trying different modes and different effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which at first was the effort of my whole mind; and my reward was threefold....the satisfaction resulting from acting on this just principle, improvement in my art, and the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence.”

THE GERMAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

An intimate acquaintance with the works of German artists, will raise the character of that school to rather a higher scale than it has hitherto obtained. For their taste in the disposition of their figures, or that general air which attracts and fascinates the eye at first glance, they are not entitled to much praise....but in their minute attention to every feature of the face, to

every hair upon the beard, or appearance of hair upon the chin, to every spot on the nails, or vein on the hand, they were what one of our eloquent auctioneers would call *unique*! In their draperies, they distinguished the various qualities of silk and satin, or linen and woollen, with an exact precision, and the trimming of a fur cloak they painted with a floskiness, that it would seem as if breathing upon it would give it motion.

If this will not entitle them to the praise of genius, no one will refuse them the meed of industry; and though we cannot say too little about the fertility of their imaginations, it is not easy to say too much of the dexterity of their pencils.

In this school of patient persevering industry, *Balthazar Denner* holds the first rank. He was born at Hamburg, 1686, and is well known by his laboured portraits of old men and women, which characterize him as a most minute imitator of nature. But as it was said by his contemporaries that he could not delineate the head of a young female with equal fidelity, he painted this portrait of his own daughter, in the character of a Magdalen, to refute the assertion. It is believed to be the only portrait of a young person that he ever produced, and he preserved it as his *chef-d'œuvre*, in his own possession, until his death, which happened in 1749.

The original does not appear to have had any portion of beauty, and her father had not taste enough to give her any portion of grace; so that this picture has no other attraction than a finishing which is in a degree magical. The tincture and softness of the skin, the veins under the skin, the humidity of the lips, a little chapped by a cold, and the liquid fluid flowing in the eye, are absolute deceptions. The whole is so astonishingly like nature, that, were it not for the accompaniments, it might be passed by without attention as a female figure looking through a frame.

VOL. II. NO. XV.

THE OIL OF ARACHIS.

The arachis, of the family of lentils, is now generally cultivated, in some of the departments of France, for the sake of the valuable oil which it produces. An ounce of the oil of this plant, with a wick threewentieths of an inch in diameter, burned nine hours and a half nearly. An ounce of olive-oil, under similar circumstances, lasted only eight hours. It is a most excellent substitute for olive-oil, for all domestic purposes, and it is preferable to all other kinds for the manufacture of soap. The seed weighs nearly half its weight in oil.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NILE AND ST. DOMINGO CROCODILE.

The maxim laid down by Buffon, "that no species of animal in the torrid zone had been primitively placed in both continents," was lately supposed to have failed, in the case of the crocodile, which, by some officers of the French staff, was said to be of the same species at St. Domingo and in the Nile. To ascertain the fact, M. Geoffroy has compared the crocodile of St. Domingo, sent home by M. Leclerc, with one which he himself brought from Egypt, and he observes, that

"The crocodile of St. Domingo resembles that of the Nile, in regard to all those characters which serve to distinguish the latter from the caiman; it, however, has the jaws narrower and longer; the breadth of them is to the length as three to six. In the crocodile of the Nile, the ratio is that of four to six. The body of the crocodile of St. Domingo is also proportionably longer, and the tail consists of three bands more, twenty in one, and seventeen in the other. The first two of the lower teeth are so long, that they pierce the upper jaw from one side to the other; whereas they are smaller in that of the Nile, and

form for themselves only two small cavities in which they are received. The fourth tooth of the lower jaw of the former can scarcely be distinguished from the two neighbouring ones, while in the other crocodile these fourth teeth are much larger. The plates which cover the back are much fewer in number, and more unequally distributed in the crocodile of St. Domingo; the ridges of each are only really prominent in the exterior row, all those of the middle are almost entirely effaced: on the other hand, in the crocodile of the Nile, every plate and ridge has the same form, the same prominence, and the same respective arrangement. In a word, all the scales, even those which cover the extremities, are perfectly square in the crocodile of St. Domingo, and round or hexagonal in that of the Nile."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR BREWER'S YEAST.

Take six pounds of malt, and three gallons of boiling water, mash them together, cover the mixture, let it stand three hours; then draw the liquor off, and put two pounds of brown sugar to each gallon of liquor; stir it well till the sugar is dissolved; then put it in a cask just large enough to contain it, and cover the bung-hole with brown paper; let it stand four days kept to a blood-warm heat. Prepare the same quantity of malt and boiling water as before, but without sugar, mix it all together and let it stand forty-eight hours, when it will be fit for use. This is called by the patentee *the fermentation*.

To make twenty-six gallons of *the substitute*. Put twenty-six ounces of hops to as many gallons of water; boil it full two hours, so as to reduce the liquor to sixteen gallons. Take this, and mash it with the malt, when the liquor is at 190 degrees; it must now stand two hours and a half, and be strained; ten gallons of boiled water, at the same heat, is to be mashed with the malt,

strained and cooled. Take the first liquor when blood-warm, and put to it four quarts of the fermentation: mix it well, and let it stand ten hours. Take the remaining ten gallons of the liquor, and put it with the sixteen gallons of liquor, let it stand six hours, and then it is fit for use, in the same manner, and for the same purposes, which brewer's yeast is made use of.

The advantages attending this invention are, that the substitute for yeast will keep sweet and good longer than brewer's yeast, may be made and used in all weathers and climates, and is the means of making bread more white and lighter than brewer's yeast. Two gallons are sufficient for twelve bushels of bread, and it must be kept cooler than brewer's yeast throughout the whole process.

AMBERGRIS.

The following are the results of an analysis of ambergris:

1. Ambergris is a compound substance, which burns and entirely evaporates, when placed on red-hot coals.

2. By distilling it alone, we obtain an acidulous fluid, an oil partly soluble in alcohol, and of an empyreumatic smell.

3. By sublimation, or the process of Scheele, benzoic acid is extracted from it.

4. Water does not act upon it.

5. By means of nitric acid, we may separate from it a matter analogous to resin, mixed with adipose-wax, or fatty matter.

6. Concentrated sulphuric, muriatic, and oxygenated muriatic acids reduce it to carbone, without dissolving it.

7. With alkalis it forms a saponaceous compound.

8. The fixed and volatile oils, ether, and alcohol are the proper solvents of ambergris.

9. And with alcohol we obtain a separation of its constituent parts, in the following proportions:

Adipose-wax, or fatty matter	2,016 grammes.
Resin	1,167
Benzoic acid	0,425
Coally matter	0,212
	<hr/>
	3,820

CAVERN NEAR NICE.

In the territory of Falcien, a village distant two leagues from Nice, an immense cavern has lately been discovered. The entrance is very narrow; but in the interior of the cavern, of which neither the extent nor depth has been fully explored, there are large halls resembling temples, adorned with columns formed by the crystallization of the water. A single hall would contain 400 persons. Very little light is necessary, as the reflection from the walls produces a magnificent illumination.

NEW ZEALAND FLAX, OR ALOE-PITTE.

It appears that the strength of the fibres of the aloe-pitte being 7, that of the common flax will be represented by 11 3-4; of hemp by 16 1-2; of the New Zealand flax by 23 5-4; and of silk by 34. With respect to stretching before they break, the proportions are different: for if the extensibility of the fibres of the aloe-pitte be equal to 2 1-2, that of flax is found to be 1-3; of hemp 1; of the flax of New Zealand 1 1-2; and of silk 5. This flax might be cultivated in the southern provinces of France, Europe, and North America.

CAST IRON BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

The arch of this elegant structure is the flattest segment ever built on a large scale, being the segment of a circle of 2,522 feet diameter, the chord or span 180, and the versed

sine or height 16 feet; it springs from abutments stone built on piles, and is 27 feet 2 inches in breadth; it consists of 6 ribs, placed 5 feet asunder, kept in their position by perforated cross-bars, placed horizontally at the top and bottom of each arch-piece, quite across the bridge; each of the ribs is composed of 39 arch pieces, 4 feet 7 1-4 inches long at top, and 4 feet 6 3-8 inches at bottom, 4 feet deep, and 4 1-4 inches thick; they are cast hollow, for the purpose of introducing dowels 4 1-2 inches wide, and 2 inches thick; through these dowels, and also the arch pieces, are cast holes, into which wedges are driven, which bring the parts into close contact and very considerably lessen the shoot or thrust of the arch. The spondrils are filled up with circles, which diminish from the abutments to the centre: the whole is covered with plates 1 inch thick, and 2 feet broad, on the ends of which rest the pannels, on which the ballustrade is placed. The whole weight of iron is 270 tons, of which the covering plates weigh 100: the bridge was cast by the Walkers of Rotherham, on an improved plan, for the invention of which his majesty has been graciously pleased to grant his royal letters patent to Mr. T. Wilson, engineer, of Wearmouth-bridge, under whose direction the whole iron-work was thrown across the river Thames, and completed in less than six months.

The first day the bridge was opened for public use, the commissioners had the pleasure of seeing 160 fat oxen, 10 horses, and a great number of people upon the bridge, at the same time, without producing the least effect upon it; although the trotting of a horse makes it vibrate. The king and royal family passed over in the first four coaches, drawn by four horses each.

GRAY'S FRAGMENT.

It is too great an indulgence to an author to suppose, as is common-

ly done, that he *could* have finished all his fragments with the same spirit that he has commenced them, had he not been prevented; for it may easily happen, that he has exhausted the most obvious and brilliant ideas offered by his subject, and, to borrow a sportsman's metaphor, has run himself to a fault. This appears to have been the case with Gray, as the defect occurs at the conclusion, and shows a vacuity in his train of thought. Having advanced the position, that national manners will be influenced by the circumstances of soil and situations, and happily illustrated it by the example of a race of mountaineers, whom necessary hardships render both courageous to defend their own property, and disposed to pillage their richer neighbours; he proceeds to a contrasted scene, and gives, in a fine style of poetical painting, a sketch of Egypt under an inundation.

What wonder, in the sultry climes that
spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer
bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure
flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry
wings;

a noble exordium! but what is the sequel?

If, with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities
ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient
tide!

That is to say, What wonder, if, when a country is all under water, the inhabitants should use boats and floats for their conveyance!.....No wonder, certainly! the wonder would be if they should go from place to place in any other mode. But what has this to do with manners or character, and how is it a counterpart of the preceding instance? If, indeed, such a circumstance had made them a commercial and mari-

time people, the parallel would have been a good one; but this was little the case with the native Egyptians at any period, as they have always been most distinguished as cultivators of the land. The poet mistook a mere incident of rural economy for a trait of character; and has made from his splendid premises what Shakespeare terms "a most lame and impotent conclusion!"

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

The celebrated sir Kenelm Digby, having read the writings of Descartes, travelled into Holland for the direct purpose of a personal interview with that ingenious philosopher. Having fallen, by chance, into his company, at Egmond, without knowing each other, they conversed for some time together..... Descartes, who had read some of sir Kenelm's works, exclaimed, on some observation made by the latter, "If I mistake not, sir, you are the celebrated Digby, whose studies have done so much honour to your nation." "And if I mistake not," replied the other, "you are Descartes, whose writings have shed such lustre on your country." They were reciprocally charmed with the conversation of each other. The British knight, in the course of the evening, said he thought the French philosopher would devote his enquiries to better uses, if he could discover the means of prolonging life, instead of wasting the precious moments of it in philosophic speculations, that might be swallowed up in the next fashionable system..... Descartes paused, and assured him, that he had meditated, for some time, on that very subject, and that, if he was as successful in his progress as in his outset, he hoped to arrive at the secret of rendering man *immortal* in his present state; at least he was certain to recal the longevity of the patriarchs. It is not generally known, that Descartes flattered himself that he had discovered this *arcanum*, and that the

abbe Picot, his disciple and martyr, was so fully assured of it, that he could not believe his *master* had paid the debt of nature, when that event was announced.

—
DESCARTES.

Descartes having passed into Sweden, at the invitation of queen Christina, was attacked with a fever, accompanied by an inflammation of the lungs. Chanut, the French ambassador, who had triumphed over a similar malady, wished that our patient should be treated in a like manner; but Descartes would not accede, and obstinately refused to be bled, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, spare French blood!" He consented at last, however, but it was too late, and he died, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

—
VOITURE.

Voiture was not less famed for his generosity than his wit. Balzac sent to him one day for the loan of 400 crowns, which he readily lent, and at the bottom of the promissory note for that sum he wrote the following lines: "I promise to pay M. Balzac the sum of 800 crowns, for the pleasure that he has afforded me of lending him 400." He returned this note by the servant that came for the money. When Balzac read it, he exclaimed, "This note does him more honour than all the letters for which he is so justly and universally admired."

—
WILLIAM NOY,

Attorney-general to Charles the first, was a very great lawyer, though he rendered himself obnoxious to the popular party, by the assistance he gave to the crown, in the affair of ship money. His body being opened after his decease, his heart was found shrivelled like a leather penny purse, nor were his

lungs right, which caused several conjectures by the puritans. But that which was most observable, after his death, was his will, dated 3d June, 1634, at which all the world wondered, because the maker was accounted a great clerk in the law; for, after he had bequeathed to his son Humphrey a hundred marks per annum, to be paid out of his tenements in the hundred of Pyder, in Cornwall, he concludes thus, "*Et reliqua omnia, &c.* and the rest of all my lands, goods, &c. I leave to my son Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about, *nec de eo melius speravi,*" &c. But Edward lived not long to enjoy the estate, for, within two years after, he was slain in a duel, in France, by one captain Byron, who escaped scot-free, and had his pardon. In the place of William Noy succeeded sir John Banks; and the next year, sir Robert Heath, being removed from the chief justiceship of the king's bench, for bribery, sir John Finch came into play, whereupon these verses were made:

*Noy's flood is gone,
The Banks appear;
Heath is shorn down,
And Finch sings there.*

—
LAY PREACHING.

This irregular practice was once publicly allowed. Sir Thomas More, after he was called to the bar, for a considerable time read a public lecture out of St. Austin, *de Civitate Dei*, in the church of St. Laurence Jewry. Richard Taverner, clerk of the signet, though a layman, obtained, in 1552, a special licence from Edward VI, to preach in any place of his dominions; and the more for this reason, saith Wood, because the scarcity and slackness of preachers was so great, that some of the king's chaplains were appointed to ride circuit about the kingdom, to preach to the people, especially against popery. I have

been informed, saith the Oxford antiquary, that he preached before the king at court, and in some public places in the kingdom, wearing a velvet bonnet, or round cap, a damask gown, and a chain of gold about his neck; in which habit he was seen and heard preaching several times in St. Mary's church, Oxford, in the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. But what sort of edification his hearers must have received from his exhortations, may be seen in the following specimen of his oratorical talents, in 1569, at which time he was high sheriff of Oxfordshire; in which office he appeared in St. Mary's pulpit with his sword by his side, and a chain of gold about his neck. Thus he began: "Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's in the stony stage* where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

However ridiculous this preacher's exordium appears, yet some *grave divines* in the following century did not come short of him in the metaphorical style of oratory.

Dr. Arrowsmith, in a sermon before the house of commons, January 25, 1642, has the following flowers of rhetoric: "Tis a spiritual affection, that hath the Holy Ghost for its father, Faith for its mother, Prayer for its midwife, the Word for its nurse, Sincerity for its keeper, and Trembling for its handmaid."

Dr. Spurstow, in a fast sermon, before the same assembly, elegantly observes, that "*the fresh remembrance of sin, is like a pea in an issue, that keeps it open and makes it run.*"

A PUN OUT OF ORDER.

Dr. Wykes, in the reign of Charles I, was a man of more *wit* than *wis-*

* St. Mary's pulpit was then of fine carved stone, but afterwards removed for one of wood.

dom. When the king was in these parts during the civil wars, he was attended by the doctor, who, being mounted on a handsome horse, his majesty said, "Doctor, you have a pretty nag under you, I pray how old is he?" To which he returned this answer.... "If it please your majesty, he is now in the second year of his *rein*." The good king did not relish this jest, and gave him such an answer as he deserved, which was this.... "Go, you are a fool."

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. X.

[The following notices are taken, with some variations, from the *Monthly Anthology*, or *Boston Review*, a periodical work, of considerable merit, published at Boston.]

1. COLLECTIONS of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1792, have been published at Boston. The design of the Massachusetts Historical Society, instituted in the year 1792, is to collect and preserve materials for a history of America. Under its direction nine volumes have been published, which are monuments of the judgment and laborious curiosity of the members. These volumes contain a copious fund of information, and abound with matter profitable and delightful, calculated to amuse the antiquarian, and to gratify the curious inquirer into the history of our country.

Whoever expects to find in these volumes a well digested relation of facts, or even a series of original papers, ranged with chronological order, will be disappointed. When the society commenced their labours, their materials were few; they produced such as they possessed, and therefore the reader finds, that the first volume commences with a number of interesting original papers re-

lative to the expedition to Cape Breton, in 1745.

This volume contains accounts of the five principal nations or tribes of Indians, who inhabited New England, and of others living within the limits of New York, and on the borders of the river St. Lawrence.

On the origin and history of the Indians, with the species of government which was exercised over them, by the first settlers, we find, in this volume, much interesting information from Gookin's "Historical Collections of the Indians in New England." Mr. Gookin was active in promoting the welfare of that unfortunate race. He gives a particular account of the propagation of the gospel among them, and of the establishment of the corporation, at London, for that purpose, and of their endeavours to effect the object of their institution.

We find in this volume several original pieces relative to the ancient condition of New England. We cannot omit noticing that of the celebrated Mr. Higgeson, the first settled minister of Salem. It was written in the year 1629, and is entitled, "A short and true description of the commodities and discommodities of New England." He professes to give an account of the country, "in the consideration of the four elements, earth, water, aire, and fire." In apostolick gravity of style, he declares his regard for veracity in his relation.

"Master Higgeson's" relation is a curious piece of antiquity, and well worth preservation.

Several documents relative to the American revolution are interspersed throughout this volume.

"Comptroller Weare's Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of ——" The author of this letter, containing "Observations on the British Colonies on the Continent of America," was well acquainted with their geographical situation and advantages. It is written with the spirit of an Englishman, attached to the exclusive glory of his country, and who would,

for that object, even have annihilated the political freedom of the colonies. He describes the rapidity of their growth, and the ample means which they possessed, to vindicate their emancipation from their European mother. He is jealous, lest the people, "accustomed to more than British liberty, should think of setting up for themselves;" and regretting that "some rational principles of subordination as well as of liberty" had not been inserted into their charters, he recommends that those pernicious instruments, "pregnant with mischief," should be vacated. This letter was written about the year 1760, and expresses the sentiments of that large body of politicians, both in Europe and America, who wished that the aspiring spirit of the colonies should be restrained by coercive measures.

"The letter of an Old English Merchant to the Earl of Sandwich, in 1775," is written with great spirit. He vindicates the courage of the Americans, and their conduct at the siege of Louisburg, from aspersions cast upon them by that nobleman in the house of lords. The good conduct of the New Englanders was honourably noticed by sir Peter Warren, commander of the naval forces in that enterprise, and is according to the truth of history.

We notice likewise "the account of the examination of Dr. Benjamin Church, written by himself, whilst he was in prison, at Cambridge, November, 1775." He was charged with holding a treacherous correspondence with the enemy. The evidence of his guilt consisted in a letter, written in cyphers, containing a state of the army, stores, &c. He defends himself with ingenuity, and pretends that, in writing the letter, he assumed the character of a royalist, the more effectually to serve the common cause. He was at that period condemned as a traitor. Dr. Church was a flaming patriot at the commencement of the revolution.

The records of the American re-

volution ought to be sacredly preserved. That event we justly consider as the noblest monument of our national glory. We hope that it will not in future time reproach the degeneracy of posterity.

The reader of this volume will be pleased with the letter of Dr. Tenney of New Hampshire, and now a member of congress from that state, written "on the Dark Day, May 19, 1780." He imputes that extraordinary natural event "to two strata of clouds, which were condensed by two strong currents of wind, blowing in different directions." His theory is founded on observations, which were made at the time, and is ingeniously defended by philosophical calculation.

The geographer of our country may from this source extract some useful information. In the "Topographical Description of the Dutch Colony of Surinam," by George Henry Apthorp, are some judicious remarks on the slave trade. On this subject, we hope to be excused for observing, in this place, that no necessity can authorise, nor ingenuity justify, or even palliate, the conduct of those, who merchandize "in the souls of men."

"A General Description of the County of Middlesex," by James Winthrop, Esq. What this gentleman has written on this subject, inspires a wish, that he had written more.

The reader will also here find "A short Account of the Settlement of Dorchester, in 1630;" "Particulars relating to Worcester;" "An Account of the Coast of Labrador;" topographical descriptions of Concord, Georgetown, and Brookfield, interspersed with historical and biographical notices; and "A letter from a gentleman on his return from Niagara." The first literary institution in America is introduced in a short piece, entitled, "New England's First Fruits," containing some account of the establishment of Harvard college, the exercises of the students, and of the second public commencement, in the year 1643.

A work of so much utility as the "Historical Collections," and prepared by some of our best citizens, should not be permitted to languish in solitude, confined to a few private libraries, and inaccessible to the community.

We notice, with pleasure, that proposals have lately been issued, by Hall and Hiller, of Boston, for publishing a new edition of this work. Some of the first volumes were originally printed in numbers, and from this circumstance it has probably arisen, that a complete set of the work is hardly extant, except in the library of the society, or in the hands of the members. The five last volumes were published by Hall and Hiller; but, owing to the above unfortunate circumstance, few have purchased, because none wish to own an imperfect set of the work. This edition is to be printed with a type and on paper of quality similar to those volumes; and the publishers intend, as appears by their proposals, to accommodate those subscribers, who, being in possession of part of the work, wish only to complete their sets. The claim of every work of this kind on the public patronage depends on the utility of the design, and the skill of the execution. It must be admitted, that this work does honour to the literature of the country, and has added to the stock of historical and other useful knowledge. We hope that our countrymen will encourage the publication, and evince in this manner, since it is the only mode in which they can demonstrate, their gratitude to the patriotic endeavours of the society.

2. "The truth and excellence of the Christian Religion exhibited. In two parts. Part I, containing sketches of the lives of eminent laymen, who have written in defence of the christian religion. Part II, containing extracts from their writings. By Hannah Adams."

The value of this work may be estimated by its effect on the class of readers for which it seems principally intended. The humble chris-

tian will find, with delight, that the consolations of the faith which he professes have been felt and acknowledged by all that is great and venerable in literature and science. We would not, however, intimate, that this work will be read with advantage only by the unlettered. Every one will find much remote information collected and condensed, and, where the style depends on the author, expressed in a manner neat, perspicuous, and pleasing.

In the following pages, says the author, the reader is presented with the outlines of the lives of those eminent laymen, who have distinguished themselves by their zealous exertions in defence of the christian religion. The account commences soon after the important æra of the reformation, when there was a general freedom of religious inquiry; and many of the great men, who are the subjects of these biographical sketches, lived at a time when the deists exerted all the force of sophistry, and delusive reasoning, to overturn the sacred edifice of revealed religion. The narrow limits of this work will not admit of giving a particular narration of the various incidents of their lives, or a discriminating characteristic of their peculiar virtues and defects. The principal object is to exhibit one prominent trait by which they were distinguished, namely, their full conviction of the truth of christianity; notwithstanding they might differ widely from each other in their views of particular doctrines.

We find, in general, that this design is well executed. The authorities cited are usually the best, and they are collected with attention and accuracy.

In the second part, we find the prominent evidences of christianity, collected and digested with much judgment. Though we do not think that her plan admits of placing them in their strongest light, yet we believe no rational man can read her selection, and remain an unbeliever. We should have been pleased to observe the author depart

from her general design to admit an extract from Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, as the argument from undesigned coincidences infidelity has neither attempted to resist nor elude.

It may be said with justice of this performance, that it is written with a degree of purity, which we rarely see equalled, and an appearance of good intention, which we never see exceeded. The ingenuity and judgment which is displayed in collecting, from sources so various and remote, all that is most valuable for her purpose, should not pass without commendation. Though her work is necessarily an abstract, the author has been remarkably successful in avoiding the dryness and monotony of an abridgment. She will have an additional claim on the liberality of the public, when it is known, that the emolument arising from her labours is devoted to the honourable service of alleviating the infirmities of an aged parent.

We may safely give to the performance we have reviewed the praise of having contributed "to give ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth:" a praise which to to have in any degree deserved, even wisdom and learning may justly be proud.

For the Literary Magazine.

GOODNESS OF THE AMERICAN CLIMATE.

To the Editor, &c.

CONVERSING lately with a gentleman of learning and experience, on the bad repute in which the climate of America is generally held in Europe, he declared himself of an opposite opinion to that of many of our peevish visitors, and said it could easily be proved, that, in moderation and salubrity, the climate of the eastern hemisphere by no means exceeded our own. Some time afterward, he favoured me with the following memoran-

dums, tending to prove the truth of his assertion. They are given by him under the name of

RECOLLECTIONS.

Summer climates of countries nearly in the same range.

PORTUGAL.

Fahrenheit's thermometer frequently at 96 degrees; has been at 104. Vegetation stops, as in winter; every thing burnt up. This about Lisbon. In the neighbourhood of Oporto, customary to sit up all night, sleep all day.—*Link's Travels.*

SPAIN.

Waited several months for the healthy season in the southern provinces, to pass through with safety.—*Townsend's Travels.*

In Andalusia, no rains betwixt February and November. The heats, from intensity and continuance, produce great debility, with fevers.—*Croker.*

Carried his army, in the war of the succession, into summer quarters. This customary in Spain.—*Parliamentary Debates, Earl of Galway's Defence.*

The army of Edward the black prince perished with summer diseases in the country about Valladolid....supposing great heats.—*Godwin's Life of Chaucer.*

FRANCE.

Volney has frequently said, when here, that the climate of southern France, meaning the summer climate, was not so good as that of Pennsylvania.

Infinitude of common flies, a serious objection to a residence in the south of France. This supposes great heats.—*Young's Tour.*

Mr. Walker, late French consul, has said, that leathern stockings are worn at Marseilles, against flies and mosquitoes.

ITALY.

Register, kept at Nice, indicates 83 degrees as the medium heat from the middle of June till the end of August.—*Smollet's Travels.*

Wheat harvest in the Milanese a week earlier than that in Pennsylvania. If not cut immediately when ripe, scatters out very soon. Both signs of heat. Thermometer above 90 degrees for considerable time.—*Songa's Letter to Young, in the Annals.*

In the kingdom of Naples, the country people build on the highest spots, going to a distance to work those grounds on the level, to avoid the *mal'aria*, unwholesome air, no doubt produced by heat.—*Swinburne.*

ASIA MINOR.

Set out, in May, on the sea coast, when the thermometer had been stationary at 82 degrees, to proceed to Sardis, when suddenly rising to 92, and standing there a considerable time, the journey was broke up, and he returned by very short stages towards Smyrna.—*Chandler.*

At Smyrna heat frequently at 104 degrees. The north wind like a furnace; while blowing, houses shut up.

Early in May, no verdure on the route to Constantinople. Pasturage all gone.

Heats dangerous to those not early accustomed to them.—*Hunter.*

NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

August heats, but one day under 80 degrees; the rest is so much above as to leave a medium of 83 at least.—*Witman.*

PERSIA.

Thermometer at 111 degrees. Waited till fallen to 99, to set out on return towards Europe.—*Olivier.*

NORTHERN CHINA.

At Pekin, heats greater than at

Philadelphia. Both in the same parrallel.—*Van Brahm.*

PHILADELPHIA.

But a few days together above 90 degrees, not often; then suddenly brought down by rains. Medium at three o'clock, not more than 79, by

twenty years' observations, from the best London instruments.

These sudden checks are 'mistakenly thought hurtful to health, but they are the best preservatives against debility, which is occasioned more by the continuance than the intensity of heat.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

AS wont, my Ellen, I employ the hour,
The noiseless hour, when sleeps the world around,
In tracing o'er the past. Sad mem'ry's pow'r
On ev'ry thought seems to inflict a wound.
Still I recal thy image to my mind:
Recal it! said I; does it e'er depart?
Ah no! time holds it closer still entwined
Around each tendril of my faithful heart,
Nor can that heart to thee admit a change.
I see thee still where'er my visions range,
That was thy seat, and there thy head reclin'd,
When sorrow's hand press'd heavy on thy mind.
And while I listen to the ev'ning breeze,
That fans the foliage of the poplar trees,
Enwrapt by fancy I believe thee near,
In cadence sweet thy voice salutes my ear;
I hear thee still, in every fervent strain,
Exclaim, None virtue ever lov'd in vain.
On friendship next the panegyric string
With heavenly sweetness soars on downy wing;
The tones awake soft sympathies divine,
That magic tie, which bound thy heart to mine.
But o'er the scene a mantle dark is thrown,
When round I look, and find myself alone,

For separation holds thee far away,
While I by fate am here compell'd to stay:

Nor whispers hope that I shall ever see
The friend whom worth has so endear'd to me.

A stranger, Ellen, passed my cottage by;
I thought it thee, and gaz'd with eager eye;

So great the semblance, air and form the same,

My lips had almost fram'd my Ellen's name.

The eye convinc'd me, and the eye alone,

It was not thine, for there no kindness shone.

My heart, elate with joy, to Heaven it hied,

But soon its glowing raptures sunk and died.

Such deep regrets will never reach me here,

With my sole hope that I to thee am dear;

Within thy heart there's plenteous room,
I know,

For all that's thine, for me and all my woe.

Yet if 'tis all delusion, hide me, pray,
From the most gloomy, sorrow-darken'd day,

Which would enwrap me, could I once suspect

Aught in thy heart like coldness or neglect.

My own, alas! is credulous and weak,
Too apt to trust, or foreign anguish seek;

But to confide is friendship's fav'rite part,

Nor is indifference lurking in thy heart.
That nature form'd it in a mould with mine,

Was once a sentence (mem'ry says) of
 thine;
 But sure a step-dame she has proved to
 me,
 And lavish'd all a parent's love on
 thee:
 Assign'd thee strength and energy of
 mind,
 To me naught but a feeling heart as-
 sign'd;
 Nor need I say that's often cause of ill,
 When thou hast prov'd it, and I prove
 it still;
 For, since my infant feet first learn'd to
 go,
 I've too familiar, Ellen, been with woe.
 Disease that rankled in a parent's
 breast,
 Me, yet a witless child, deprived of rest;
 The icy horrors brought by each new day,
 Ushering the glows which wore his
 frame away,
 I watch'd with aching heart and anxious
 eye,
 'Till doom'd to see him faint, to faint
 and die.
 To paint the pang then lab'ring at my
 heart
 Surpasses far my poor enfeebled art:
 Nor wonder that I yet dwell on the
 scene,
 When many a long, long year doth in-
 tervene,
 For the impression made by his last
 groan
 Will be eras'd by death's cold hand
 alone.
 And ere twelve transient moons had
 shed their light
 My heart again envelop'd was in night:
 The gentle, amiable and good,
 Himself a pastor, had my sponsor stood,
 And wound himself, with soft affection's
 art,
 Around each fibre of my little heart,
 And now was called to prove European
 skies,
 Was torn away amid my tears and
 sighs.
 Nor passive stood I; for my arms fast
 clung
 Around his knees, and on his garments
 hung.
 But soon, ah me! th' unequal strife was
 o'er,
 I sicken'd, fell, and fainted on the floor.
 'Twas thus a child I, Ellen, learn'd to
 know
 The ruthless pang that still attends on
 woe;

And say, my friend, for I appeal to thee,
 Is feeling aught but mental agony?
 Of finer feelings let them boast who
 may,
 Give me a heart of apathy or steel;
 Give me a heart which will not wear
 away;
 Give me a heart that has not learn'd to
 feel:
 But thou and thine no more would then
 be dear,
 So will I prize the sorrow-brooding tear.
 If not by friendship, O say, by what
 name
 Am I to call this ever steady flame,
 That binds the circle treasur'd in thy
 heart
 Around my own, as though they were
 a part?
 When vernal suns are genial, soft, and
 kind,
 I feel the zephyrs which around you
 play;
 Or blows December's loud impetuous
 wind,
 I see you warm, nor chide the wint'ry
 day.
 How many flutter thro' the world's wide
 scene,
 And find their pathway one Elysian
 green!
 Whom fortune flatters, and the gay
 caress,
 Yet know they not the treasure I pos-
 sess.
 Then why should I 'gainst destiny re-
 pine,
 While one true friend, one faithful
 friend is mine?
 Tho' with the presence of that friend
 no more
 I should be blest, as I have been before,
 Yet they who've prov'd, and they alone,
 can tell
 The death-like feeling of a last fare-
 wel.
 How little oft do promises avail!
 I meant in verse thy verse thy thirtieth
 May to hail,
 And as the riper June would soon ap-
 pear,
 To wish its bounties thine, with heart
 sincere:
 Yet no poor verse had my poor genius
 penn'd,
 Or worthy of the flow'ry May or friend.
 Then summer was to have produc'd the
 lay,
 But summer somehow too has pass'd
 away.

But long, my Ellen, tho' thy June has
 come,
 May spring smile round thee in perpetual bloom!
 And may the Power that's resident
 above
 Shield thee and thine with true paternal
 love!

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO CLARA.

WITH thrilling voice and speaking
 eye,
 "I'll be your friend," did Clara cry.
 Heard I? or did some wistful muse
 The inlets of my soul abuse?
 No witching dream did Fancy send,
 'Twas Clara said, "I'll be your friend."

Is thine the generous breast that
 knows
 What rights the name of friend be-
 stows?
 What I must ask, and she demand,
 That holds me by that sacred band?

Ah! more than thy o'er-cautious
 heart
 Will e'er to wretch like me impart,
 Though naught her tenderest lessons
 teach
 Can go beyond thy dues, or reach:
 Though all I hold by gift divine,
 Whene'er thou wilt to take, is thine.
January 3, 1801.

SELECTED.

TO ROMEO.

YES, 'tis forever done! Those sullen
 gates
 Are closed, which ope no more. Earth
 on her breast
 Receives the blooming sacrifice: and
 Heaven
 Hails the bright seraph to immortal joys.
 The curtain falls on this terrestrial
 scene...
 Yet trust me, Romeo, Time's destruc-
 tive hand,
 Which rocks the tow'ring column to its
 base,

O'erturns the lofty monumental pile,
 Ne'er from our bleeding bosoms shall
 erase
 The sweet remembrance of his generous
 worth,
 Long as the vital current knows its
 course.

Forgive us, Heavenly spirit! Oh! for-
 give
 These selfish tears, these deep impas-
 sioned sighs,
 That mourn thy glorious change. Oh!
 censure not
 Those narrow views, that fain would
 still delay
 Thy beatific splendour.....drag thee
 down
 To earthly woes, and strip thy angel
 brows
 Of their immortal amaranthine wreath:
 Not impious such our prayers: we mourn
 our loss,
 Not thine eternal gain, thy bright re-
 ward.
 Thou'st reached the goal before us; we
 lament
 Our weary ling'ring in this vale of tears.
 Our solitary steps, Oh! deign to cheer
 With thy ethereal presence; whisper
 still
 In our abstracted intellectual ear
 The kind behests of Heaven: support
 our souls,
 With more than human strength, in
 Virtue's cause,
 And soothe our efforts with celestial
 peace.

Me strongest ties detain. May I be
 spared
 For his dear sake, whom each endear-
 ing name
 United binds still closer to my heart,
 The lover, friend, and husband: smiling
 babes,
 Whose cherub graces claim my fondest
 love,
 And ask the culture of maternal care;
 Content for these to keep the stormy
 seas,
 And trust my bark to that unerring
 guide,
 My faithful compass and my polar star,
 To gain the peaceful haven. Ah!
 meanwhile
 May some faint dawn of heavenly good-
 ness; some
 Celestial bud of Paradise, adorn
 My humble head and make my passport
 there....

Thy flight, too, Romeo, I would fain
 delay,
 Not to allure thy soul to low pursuits,
 The painted bubbles of the fleeting
 hour:
 Bear witness, Heaven! that not for this
 my prayers
 Would chain thy presence to this lower
 scene,
 But to exalt thy merits....to prepare
 A heavenly palm to grace thy victor
 brows,
 And join thy efforts to the noble few
 Who *breast* the downward torrent.
 Thinly strewn
 The sacred plants of Virtue, much they
 droop
 And wither in this cold unfriendly clime.
 Oh! may thy fostering hand, thy kindly
 smile,

Protect their shrinking blossoms: nobly
 rear
 To largest growth, beneath inclement
 skies,
 Till the imperial mandate hence trans-
 plant
 And bid them bloom anew in Eden's
 groves.
 But should thy purpose waver; should
 gay Hope,
 On azure pinions wafted to the skies,
 Forsake thee, think on Henry's final
 hour;
 Trace in thy soul his calm triumphant
 exit;
 Let his example guide thy erring steps,
 And loudly preach, *Be virtuous and be
 happy!*

STELLA.

SELECTIONS.

CROSSING-THE-LINE PENALTY.

MOST readers have heard of some strange, uncouth ceremonies, that have been immemorially practised upon persons who cross *the line*, at sea, for the first time, by their veteran companions. The following law case will explain the particulars of such a ceremony:

An action was tried, in 1802, at Bombay, brought by lieutenant Castleton Maw, against Messrs. Learmouth and Raymond, officers of the ship *Soleby Castle*, for an assault. It appeared that in crossing the line, in the passage to Bombay, the usual ceremony performed by Neptune and his attendant deities took place, which consists of shaving and ducking all those who have not before crossed the line. This lieutenant Maw firmly resisted, and made many offers to give an equivalent, either in money or spirits, to be excused from suffering such an indignity. After making repeated offers to the men, on condition of their not molesting him, and finding them contemptuously rejected, he shut himself up in his cabin, the door of

which he barricaded with trunks and boxes, the best way he was able, using the further precaution of lowering the port, to prevent intrusion from without.

After remaining some time in this state of imprisonment, without light or air, and that under the line, and during the hottest part of the day, the party, whose characters had all been cast before hand, came to his door, and, with oaths and imprecations, insisted on immediate admission. This he resolutely refused to grant, but with the same breath again entreated them to take his money, and leave him unmolested; a proposal on his part which was strongly seconded by Mr. Patterson, the fourth mate of the ship, with the additional assurance, that he, their officer, would be answerable for the plaintiff's supplying all of them with spirits, on the ship's arrival at Bombay.

Neither to be won by intreaties, however, nor intimidated by threats, the gang immediately began attempting to force open the door, but not succeeding in this so easily as they expected, they all, with one

accord, went on deck, as if on purpose for further orders, and fresh instructions. Mr. Raymond accordingly, the third mate, desired some of them to go below, and to take the door off the hinges, and suggested, that others might make their way in at the port.

While one party went with the carpenter for the first of these purposes, a sailor of the name of Edwards was let down the side of the ship, brandishing a naked cutlass in one hand, while he held a bludgeon in the other. By the assistance of the latter weapon, the plaintiff's port, which he was not sailor enough to know how to fasten properly, was lifted up, and Edwards stretching the arm which held the cutlass into the cabin, made thrusts therewith in every direction, which Mr. Maw for some time parried with his sword; and though he could, at this period, with great ease, have either stabbed or shot his assailant, he abstained from doing him any injury. Indeed the pistols with which he had armed himself, and which he now fired off, in hopes of protecting himself from further outrage, were loaded with powder only. No sooner, however, were they both discharged, than Edwards made a leap into the cabin, his associates at the same instant rushing in at the door.

The whole armed gang now pressed round the plaintiff, and after wresting the sword from the only hand he had to hold one, tore and dragged him upon deck. There he clung for some time to the post of the cuddy door, and seeing no hopes of protection, but the contrary, from the first and third mate, who were upon deck, called out in the loudest and most anxious manner for the captain of the ship, who, from the unfortunate circumstance of the door of his apartment being shut at the moment, joined to the great noise which prevailed without, heard nothing, as he afterwards declared, of this appeal to his protection, which otherwise, there could be no doubt, from his disapprobation of

the proceedings when informed of them, would not have been made in vain.

Such was now the agitation of the plaintiff's mind, that he actually made an attempt to escape from further outrage, by throwing himself overboard, and would have effected his fatal purpose, if it had not been for the active humanity of his friend, Mr. Patterson. But neither the pain he had already undergone, nor his evidently preferring death itself to further indignity, had the effect of procuring him any respite or release. He was torn from his hold, dragged along the quarter-deck to the waist, and forcibly fixed in a boat, half full of filthy water, which had been placed there for the business of the day. His eyes being bandaged with a dirty napkin, a nauseous composition of tar and pitch was rubbed over his face, and taken off again by the means of a rusty hoop, serving the purpose of a razor. He was then pushed back with violence into the boat, and there held struggling for some seconds, with his head beneath the water.

In consequence of this treatment, the plaintiff kept his bed the whole remaining part of the day, and next morning, finding his sores and bruises still extremely painful, had recourse to the surgeon of the ship for assistance, who informed the court in what state he found him.

The counsel on the part of the defendants considered the whole as a joke, and spoke in mitigation of damages.

The jury thought these *jokes* rather too severe, and the court awarded 400 rupees damages.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE VINE IN FRANCE.

By Arthur Young.

IT is a question which I have heard often started in conversation, whether it be nationally more advantageous that wine should be, as

in France, the common beverage, or beer, as in England? How it should ever become a question I cannot understand. We are, of necessity, obliged to have recourse to our best lands to supply our drink; the French, under a good government, would have all their's from their worst soils. The sands of Sologne, which are passed in the way from Blois to Chambord, &c. are as bad as ours in Suffolk and Norfolk, which feed only rabbits. The French sands, by means of vines, yield 8l. or 9l. sterling an acre, and those of Suffolk not so many shillings. Through nine-tenths of England, the land that yields wheat in every rotation, yields also barley. If our hills, rocks, sands, and chalky declivities gave us our liquor, could we not apply these richer soils to something better than beer? Could we not, by means of rotations, that made potatoes, tares, beans, and artificial grasses the preparatives for wheat alternately, contrive to raise infinitely more bread, beef, and mutton, if barley did not of necessity come in for an attention equal to what we give to wheat? Wheat, rye, barley, and oats exhaust, every other crop we raise, either actually or consequentially, ameliorates.... Would it be no advantage to strike out one of these exhausters, and substitute an improver? Would it be no advantage to feed all the horses of Britain on beans instead of oats? Your populousness may be proportioned to your quantity of bread, mutton, and beef. With one-fourth of your land under barley, can you have as much bread, mutton, and beef, as if you were not under the necessity of having any barley at all? How few agricultural combinations must there be in a mind that can entertain doubts on such questions?

There is a common idea that wine is not a wholesome beverage. I take this to be a vulgar error: bad wine, or wine kept till sharp and acid, may be unwholesome; but so is bad beer, or beer kept till acid: but this has nothing to do with the

question. If the lower people be forced, through poverty, to drink bad liquor, the complaint ought not to be that wine is unwholesome, but that a bad government is unwholesome: the beer drinkers, under such a government, will not have much to boast. There may be more strength and vigour of body among the common people of England than among the same class in France: if this be true, it proves nothing against wine. Are the French poor as well fed as ours? Do they eat an equal quantity of animal flesh? Were they as free? These common prejudices, for or against certain liquors, are usually built on very insufficient observation.

But the enemies of vineyards recur to the charge; the vine provinces are the poorest of the kingdom; and you always see misery among the poor proportioned to the quantity of vines. This is the main hinge on which the argument turns; it is an observation that has been made to me a thousand times in France, and conversation never touches on the subject but you are sure to hear it repeated. There is some truth in it as a fact...there is none as an argument.

There is usually a considerable population in vine provinces; and doubtless it is not surprising, that where there is a great population there should be many poor, under a bad government. But there is another reason much more satisfactory, which arises not at all from the nature of the culture, but from the abuse of it.

It is the smallness of the property into which vineyards are usually divided: a circumstance carried to such excess, that the misery flowing from it can hardly be imagined by those who are whirled through France in a post-chaise. The nature of the culture depending almost entirely on manual labour, and demanding no other capital than the possession of the land and a pair of arms; no carts, no ploughs, no cattle, necessarily leads the poor people to this species of property; and

the universal practice of dividing it between the children, multiplies these little farms to such a degree, that a family depends on a spot of land for support that cannot possibly yield it; this weakens the application to other industry, rivets the children to a spot from which they ought to emigrate, and gives them a flattering interest in a piece of land, that tempts them to remain when better interests call them elsewhere. The consequence is, their labouring as much as they can for their richer neighbours; their own little vineyards are then neglected; and that culture, which, to a more able proprietor, is decisively advantageous, becomes ruinous to insufficient funds. But a misfortune, greater even than this, is the uncertainty of the crop; to a man of proper capital, and who consequently regards only the average of seven years, this is of no account; but to the poor proprietor, who lives from hand to mouth, it is fatal; he cannot see half a year's labour lost by hail, frost, cold, or other inclemencies of the season, without seeing, at the same time, his children in want of bread; before the ample produce comes, which certainly will come on the average account, he finds himself in the hospital.

ANTIDOTES TO POISON.

IT is well known, that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed by the people themselves to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers

have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily for humanity and science, relieved by the most important communication from Don Pedro d'Orbieres y Vangas, through the medium of count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Don Pedro is a native of Santa-Fé, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave who possessed the power of charming the most venomous of the American serpents. After the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced, by a reward, to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant, called *vejucó du guaco*, and having bruised them, in the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls of the juice to drink; then making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast, after which he informed him that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands several times one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal.

Encouraged by this first attempt, two domestics, being in like manner prepared by the guaco-juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent, equally venomous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterwards bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no farther injury than a slight local inflammation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands with absolute impunity, employing no further preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco-juice.

The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not as yet been admitted into any botanical system, but is amply described in a memoir by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fé. It is of the compound-flowered or syngenesious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistill, with a deeply divided summit. The corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each calix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and feathered: the root is fibrous, perennial; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but, when old, becomes pentagonal: leaves are heart-shaped, opposite, of a dark green mixed with violet, velvety on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets, and in shady places, in the vice-royalty of Santa Fé.

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE late lord Lyttleton was born at seven months, and the midwife, supposing the infant dead, threw him into the cradle, and it was not till some time after that he engaged the attention of one of the attendants, by showing signs of life. Thus was the world likely to have been deprived of a character that reflected honour on humanity.

His lordship was always of a tender constitution, and it was with the greatest regularity and sobriety that his life was preserved to the age of sixty-four. During his last illness, he was several days insensible: however, a few hours before his death, he recovered the entire use of all his faculties. His fortitude, resignation, and piety were those of a good man and a christian. Of his daughter-in-law he took a most affectionate leave, recommending to her, in the strongest terms, that she never would forget her duty to God,

for at that moment he would not exchange the pleasing consolation of a good conscience for the possession of the universe. All his domestics, even the lowest, were called up to him, and received his blessing; at the same time was added his thanks for their services.

As a christian, a gentleman, and a man of learning, he was an honour to his country, and has left an example for the nobility of this and future ages.

OPTICAL QUERIES.

1. WHAT is the cause of the lateral radiations which seem to adhere to a candle viewed with winking eyes? I answer, the most conspicuous radiations are those which, diverging from below, form each with a vertical line, an angle of about seven degrees; this angle is equal to that which the edges of the eyelids when closed make with a horizontal line; and the radiations are evidently caused by the reflection of light from those flattened edges. The lateral radiations are produced by the light reflected from the edges of the lateral parts of the pupillary margin of the uvea, while its superior and inferior portions are covered by the eyelids. The whole uvea being hidden before the total close of the eyelids, these horizontal radiations vanish before the perpendicular ones.

2. Some having inquired, Whence arises that luminous cross, which seems to proceed from the image of a candle in a looking-glass? This is produced by the direction of the friction by which the glass is polished; the scratches placed in a horizontal direction, exhibiting the perpendicular part of the cross, and the vertical scratches the horizontal part, in a manner that may be easily conceived.

3. Why do sparks appear to be emitted when the eye is rubbed or compressed in the dark? When a broadish pressure, as that of the

finger, is made on the opaque part of the eye in the dark, an orbicular spectrum appears on the part opposite to that which is pressed; the light of the disc is faint, that of the circumference much stronger; but when a narrow surface is applied, as that of a pin's head, or of the nail, the image is narrow and bright. This is evidently occasioned by the irritation of the retina at the part touched, referred by the mind to the place from whence light coming through the pupil would fall on this spot; the irritation is greatest where the flexure is greatest, viz. at the circumference, and sometimes at the centre, of the depressed part. But in the presence of light, whether the eye be open or closed, the circumference only will be luminous, and the disc dark; and if the eye be viewing any object at the part where the image appears, that object will be totally invisible. Hence it follows, that the tension and compression of the retina destroys all the irritation, except that which is produced by its flexure: and this is so slight on the disc, that the apparent light there is fainter than that of the rays arriving at all other parts through the eyelids. This experiment demonstrates a truth, which may be inferred from many other arguments, and is indeed almost an axiom, viz. that the supposed rectification of the inverted image on the retina does not depend on the direction of the incident rays. Newton, in his sixteenth query, has described this phantom as of pavonian colours, but I can distinguish no other than white; and it seems most natural that this, being the compound or average of all existing sensations of light, should be produced when nothing determines to any particular colour. This average seems to resemble the middle form, which sir Joshua Reynolds has elegantly insisted on in his discourses: so that perhaps some principles of beautiful contrast of colours may be drawn from hence, it being probable that those colours which together approach near to

white light will have the most pleasing effect in apposition. It must be observed, that the sensation of light from pressure of the eye subsides almost instantly after the motion of pressure has ceased, so that the cause of the irritation of the retina is a change, and not a difference of form; and therefore the sensation of light appears to depend immediately on a minute motion of some part of the optic nerve.

If the anterior part of the eye be repeatedly pressed, so as to occasion some degree of pain, and a continued pressure be then made on the sclerotica, while an interrupted pressure is made on the cornea; we shall frequently be able to observe an appearance of luminous lines, branched, and somewhat connected with each other, drawing from every part of the field of view, towards a centre a little exterior and superior to the axis of the eye. This centre corresponds to the insertion of the optic nerve, and the appearance of lines is probably occasioned by that motion of the retina which is produced by the sudden return of the circulating fluid, into the veins accompanying the ramifications of the arteria centralis, after having been detained by the pressure which is now intermitted. As such an obstruction and such a re-admission must require particular circumstances, in order to be effected in a sensible degree, it may naturally be supposed that this experiment will not always easily succeed.

CREBILLON.

THIS celebrated tragedy writer was brought up amongst the jesuits, who, with all their numerous imperfections, were ever, by D'Alembert's own confession, excellent instructors of youth, as they attended no less to the forming of their moral than their intellectual character. They kept a secret register, no less of the disposition than of the understandings of their pupils. Crebillon

was thus described by it: "*Puer valdé ingeniosus, sed grandis nebulo.*"... "A very ingenious, but a very wicked boy."

Our foolish pedagogues are contented in general if they can flog a little Latin and Greek into the heads of their pupils, without at all attending to form their hearts. At a great school, however, the boys do that for one another, which the master perhaps never thinks of: and, indeed, when one considers what little effect mere lessons of cold and dry morality can have upon young minds, there is the less reason to regret this omission. Were it not, indeed, for practical instructors of conduct and morality, which boys afford to each other, a young man would return from a school as ignorant of what he is to practice in life, as if he had been immured in a convent.

The late excellent provost of Eton, Dr. Barnard, when he was master of Eton school, was, perhaps, in most respects, one of the best instructors of youth Britain ever had to boast. He had great sagacity in finding out the characters of his scholars, and great power of ridicule in exposing their foibles, and in making them ashamed of their vices. Children, says La Fontaine, not having their understanding warped by the prejudices of education or of society, have a sagacity much more penetrating and much more formidable than is generally supposed in finding out what is ridiculous or vicious, no less in their master than in their comrades. They know, adds he, how to discriminate and appreciate each other, with an exquisiteness of taste that has occasionally indisposed their masters against them, for being more acute and discerning than themselves. From these circumstances, a young man, brought up at a public school, is not only likely to be more wise, but to be more virtuous, than another who has received a private education. The mind of the one has been more opened by

the collisions with those of his colleagues, than the other can possibly have been by the solitary didactic precepts of his pedagogue. The one has found out, by experience, what is honoured or detestable, what is virtuous or vicious; the other has merely been told it, and when he comes into the world is like a physician who had studied the theory of diseases in books, but has never seen a sick room.

A most excellent and indefatigable president of a very extensive seminary of education in England says, that even when he has found a young man, brought up in a private manner, to have had more learning than another, brought up in a more public manner, he has always found him less able to know what to do with it than the other, who has been educated in one of the conservatories, if we may so call them, with which the environs of London abound: these conservatories, in which they are coddled like plants in a hot-house, which collapse and fade when they are exposed to the open air.

In one of Crebillon's tragedies, he makes a father drink his son's blood upon the stage. The tragedy is that of *Alrée* and *Thyeste*. To this play the people of Paris used to flock in crowds. The French seem, after this, to have no right to accuse the English of barbarity and ferocity, in permitting *Macbeth* upon their stage; and, indeed, after the late real massacres and ferocities of the citizens of that metropolis, they may fairly vie in cruelty with any barbarous nation that has yet appeared upon the face of the earth.

Crebillon, at a very advanced age, and in great pecuniary distress, wrote his tragedy of *Cataline*..... Whilst he was composing it, he was taken ill, and was very near dying: the physician, who but too well knew the miserable situation of his patient, insisted upon having the manuscript tragedy in hand for his fees. Crebillon, with some humour,

whilst this request was making, cried out from his bed, in one of the lines of his own tragedy of Rhodomistus,

" Ah, doit on heriter de ceux qu'on assassine !"

" Shall he that murders me become my heir ?

Forbid it Heaven !"

Crebillon had began a tragedy upon the history of Oliver Cromwell. The French ministry forbade him to go on with it, and some of the scenes are assimilated to his tragedy of Cataline.

TO MAKE CORDAGE LAST.

CORDAGE, exposed to great heat, as it must in hot climates, frequently becomes useless in two or three years, and sometimes less, from a species of destruction, called by seamen the dry rot, because the rope, looking well to the eye, and no way injured by moisture, is found to have its yarns quite rotten. Ropes exposed to water, soon lose the tar with which they are covered ; which quickly takes place in warm climates, and shallow water ; when that element becomes considerably more heated than it is in the ocean in the same latitude, and its effect is quickly shown upon a new cable, as the part lying under water is soon covered with a slime arising from the solution of the tar. The first of those disorders (the dry rot) is owing to a superabundant acid which is disengaged from the tar when exposed to heat.

The other defect in ropes prepared with common tar, arises from that substance containing a mucilage or gum, along with its resinous matter, which latter is insoluble in water. The remedy for both these evils is effected during the necessary inspissation of tar to that state in which it is used in the manufacture of ropes. The common process is by boiling the tar, till it has thrown off so much of its essential oil as to

come to the state in which it is wanted ; instead of which, we ought to boil the tar in water, two or three times, until it nearly attains the necessary inspissation. In the first boiling, the same as in distillation, it throws off with the steam its superabundant acid, and parts with much of its mucilage to the water ; and by a second process it is rendered fit for use. Seamen, accustomed to hot climates, experience that tarred ropes, although sufficiently pliable whilst there, become rigid on their return to cold countries ; which sometimes occasions the loss of sails by the breaking of the ropes which form their borders. These ropes, which are called bolt-ropes, ought to be prepared with inspissated gross oils, mixed, if requisite, with a small quantity of resin. We may also prepare crane-ropes in the same manner, so as to prevent their receiving injury from the weather, and yet keep them always pliable.

The cause of the rigidity of tarred ropes, after exposure to heat, is the dissipation of the essential oil of the tar. To prevent this inconvenience, purified tar should be more inspissated than if used by itself, and a due proportion of tallow, suet, whale-oil, rape-oil, or other fixed oil, be mixed with the tar, and the oils should previously be deprived of their mucilage after the same process as the tar.

A GAME FOR TEACHING CHILDREN MUSIC.

THIS apparatus consists of an oblong square box, which, when opened, presents two faces or tables, and of various dice, pins, counters, &c. contained within that box. By the means of this box with its dice, counters, and pins, six different games of amusement may be played. These games are contrived to familiarize to the young mind all the musical keys or modulations of the signatures, common and uncom-

mon, the chords and discords, with their revolutions, and the most useful rules of thorough bass.

The box resembles in its form the size and figure of a backgammon table. When opened, it presents on the face of one of its halves, at each end, two musical staves or systems of five lines each. These staves have holes to receive pins of turned ivory and wood, representing the sharps and flats which belong to the different keys. Under the staves are two drawers; one of which contains dice, pins, &c. to be used in playing with sharps; the other the dice, pins, &c. which are to be used in playing with flats. Between the drawers, and under the same side of the opened box, are lodged two dice-boxes to be used in the game.

The other face of the table is of one piece. It has, at each end, a delineation of the clavier or finger-touches of a piano-forte; and, in every one of these, a small hole. Over these are two musical staves, on which all the notes of the natural scale are written in crotchets..... Each crotchet has, in its head, a hole to receive a pin: and immediately below each is another hole to receive a pin with the mark on its head of a sharp, flat, or natural. A drawer below contains the apparatus appropriated to this table, consisting of dice, counters, &c. particularly marked for the intended game.

With this apparatus and these tables, a series of games are played, the chances of which conduct the players through so many improving exercises in the knowledge of the fundamental principles of *musical composition*.

VARIETIES.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
How oft, how strangely misapplied!

What mother does not see it in her son?
and what philosopher meets with it six times in a century?

It is an observation of Machiavel's, that the more democratic any state is, by the fewer persons it is governed.

There is nothing in general of which persons are so liberal as of their advice. It costs them infinitely less than any thing else that they can give. When, however, it is accompanied with liberality in superior matters, it shows that it is not given merely to exhibit some fancied superiority of intellect.

A fool, says the Italian proverb, sees more in his own house, than a wise man in the house of another. This may be, perhaps, the reason that a fool's affairs are in general so wretchedly managed.

The *omnis* is always the *nullus homo*. A man who pretends to know every thing never knows any thing. A man of general information, as he is called, has, in reality, never any upon a particular subject.

The following concise and whimsical account of England was given, some years since, by count Oxensteirn, after his departure from London: "England is really the queen of the isles; the metropolis and arsenal of Neptune; it is the treasury of Europe; the kingdom of Bacchus; the school of Epicurus; the academy of Venus; the country of Mars; the recess of Minerva; the support of Holland; the scourge of France; the purgatory of those who are advocates for slavery; and the paradise of those who are lovers of liberty."

"Politics," says the elegant and ingenious Mr. Grenville, in his *Maxims*, "is the food of sense exposed to the hunger of folly." And indeed it seems to be devoured with so voracious an appetite, that no

good assimilation or chylification of it takes place in the body politic, in consequence of it. The appetite is great, the digestion imperfect.

—
“No one,” says Aristotle, “can govern well, unless he has himself submitted to have been governed.”

—
“No one,” says Plato, in his second Alcibiades, “ever pretends to make shoes, without having served an apprenticeship to the business of shoe-making. Yet,” says that great philosopher, “no man appears to despair of his talents in the art of government, though he has never applied his thoughts to that most difficult of all arts, till the instant in which he commences his nice and difficult occupation.”

—
Solomon has long ago said, that there was nothing new under the sun. The present French system of equality was tried by the anabaptists of Munster, in the year 1534, under the auspices of John of Leyden, a taylor, of Holland, and Knipperdoling, his worthy colleague. In the year 1535, however, the bishop took possession of his town, and executed the leaders of this system. The anabaptists, however, called in the aid of religion to stimulate the efforts of their followers, and did not, as in the case of our wise neighbours, worship merely *entes rationes*, abstract ideas. They, indeed, revered one in their adoration of reason, of half a line from Horace,

Insanire docent ratione. —

They teach the world to worship reason,
That is, sacrilege and treason.

—
Under every government, one or a few must govern, and never the many. As Goldsmith says, “Those that think must govern those who act.” There never was a more

complete democracy than that of Athens, yet was it not always moulded at will by one wise or one artful man? Was it not successively in the hands of Peneles, Alcibiades, Cleon, &c.? And was there not always a perpetual squabble for this very high privilege? Is it not then better to have recourse to hereditary governors, who succeed of course without contest, and without dispute, than to those whose election is always a source of disquiet and confusion; who laugh in their sleeve at the people who are duped by their pretensions, and who in general suffer at last by the many-headed monster, whom they imagined they had been able to tame, and to keep in chains of their own making?

—
Bussy de Rabutine says, very comically, of love attachments in persons of a certain age, that love is like the small-pox; the later you have it in life, in general, the more violent and dangerous it is. Ovid says prettily,

Turpe senex miles. Turpe senilis amor.
Grey hairs but ill become the soldier's
arms,
Nor with more credit yield to beauty's
charms.

—
There is no virtue, perhaps, that, with respect to the advantages arising from it to others, may be so well supplied by a vice as generosity. Vanity almost alone will often perform all its functions.

—
“Diseur des bon mots, mauvais caractere,” says the excellent Pascal. The rage of saying bright things is as bad a disease as the mind can be affected with. Some one asked why his friend was an infidel. “He is an infidel,” replied he, “because he imagines that there are more lively things to be said against religion than in favour of it.” Some poet says,

For after he to wit who makes pretence,
Loses his mind's credit at his soul's ex-
pence.

Hypocondrioscisme, ou la maladie sans maladie, as Sauvages terms it, very often arises from want of occupation, or from want of energy in the mind. A patient of this kind had often tired the celebrated M. de Cherac, physician to the regent duke of Orleans. Cherac having exhausted all the powers of the pharmacopoeia to no purpose, and suspecting that his malady arose more from defect of stimulus in his mind than from want of health in his body, said, "My good friend, the only advice I can now give you is to go upon the highway, rob the first person you can meet, and fly to the justice, to prevent your being broke upon the wheel, if you think it worth while."

GARNIERIN'S DESCENT IN ENGLAND IN A PARACHUTE.

From a London Journal.

THE extraordinary display of aeronautical dexterity, which had been for some time anxiously expected by the public, was, on the 21st of September, 1802, prepared with consummate skill, and executed with an admirable intrepidity. The experiment also being wholly novel in this country, we are induced to mention the preparation and arrangements with more than usual detail.

On entering the ground (the parade of the St. George's volunteers, near Grosvenor-square), at four o'clock, the great balloon, the same which ascended from Vauxhall, was found sufficiently inflated. The apparatus for the collection and conveyance of the gas into the balloon was well constructed. It consisted of three groupes of hog-heads, eight in each, which impart-

ed the inflammable air through tin tubes to three central casks. Three larger tubes of tin conveyed the air thus collected in a hose of varnished silk, by which it was conveyed into the balloon. This hose ten minutes before five o'clock was adjusted to a small balloon of about ten feet by six, which, in less than half an hour, was sufficiently inflated. The cord which confined this pilot balloon, as it was termed, was placed in the hands of Mrs. R. B. Sheridan, and it was by her launched into the atmosphere; it ascended rapidly in a N. E. direction, and in seven minutes was completely out of sight. The preparations then commenced for launching the larger balloon; the cords were cut which held it floating in the air, and it was held down by the united strength of several persons during the subsequent preparation. The different cords of the netting, &c. were then all brought within a hoop of about four feet diameter, and fastened to a rope which passed through a tin tube of about twenty feet in length. This tube was to the parachute precisely what the stick handle is to a common umbrella, and its use was to suffer the rope, when cut at the bottom, to pass through without injury to the slender cordage of the parachute. The top of the parachute was formed of a large flexible hoop, about eight feet in diameter, the inner space being of canvas, firmly lashed and strained. The balloon was then permitted to ascend about thirty-six feet, being still confined by cords, and then the parachute appeared in the shape of a large petticoat of white canvas, depending from the lower hoop. Beneath this was a basket, or rather a tube of wicker work, covered with red canvas, in which the daring adventurer was to take his place. The lower extremities of the parachute were attached by cordage to the central tube, about four feet above the basket. Thus the only connection between the balloon and parachute was formed by

the rope passing through the central tube, which being cut from below, the latter was left to its proper action.

These arrangements, in which Garnerin himself took the most active part, and in which he was greatly embarrassed by officious assistance, having been made, the circle was cleared in some degree, and the aeronaut gave the signal of departure. The balloon was drawn to the south-west quarter of the area, in order to give him all possible advantage of the wind in clearing the houses adjoining. This precaution proved unnecessary.... The last cord being loosed, the balloon ascended majestically in a perpendicular direction; but when acted upon by a breeze, scarcely perceptible below, it followed the north-east direction of its little pilot. Garnerin waved his flag immediately on ascending, and was followed by loud outcries of admiration and good wishes. From the course which he took, and the height to which he ascended, he must have been visible from every house in the metropolis which had a northern aspect. He evidently wished to prolong his stay for the gratification of the people, by opening the valve of the balloon, and on each discharge of the inflammable air, the balloon, illumined by the setting sun, appeared to be surrounded by a nimbus, or glory, such as is seen to surround the heads of saints, &c. in paintings of scriptural subjects.

Thus far description has been pleasurable, as having only to dwell on a subject which was at once magnificent and well conducted. What followed was, at the instant, marked by the different sensations of dread and anxiety. Garnerin ascended at ten minutes before six o'clock; in those ten minutes he had arisen to a height of more than 4,000 feet; at six precisely he cut the rope, and the parachute was seen to separate from the balloon, and to descend with the utmost velocity. A scream of terror was at the moment heard from every part. During some se-

conds, nothing but a falling object could be perceived, and that but indistinctly. The parachute was then seen to expand, but its vacillations, or swinging from the one side to the other, were so great, that the basket appeared very frequently to be in a horizontal position with the parachute. As the medium through which he was falling became more dense, its resistance increased in proportion, and the oscillations were rendered less dangerous; but they were at no time so far diminished as wholly to exclude the idea of extreme hazard. The generous feelings of English men and women were all called forth in favour of the adventurous stranger, and many lamentations were heard on the part of those who, by paying for the sight, had contributed to so imminent a danger. An immense crowd rushed from the parade toward the Pantheon, to enquire after his safety. They had there, in a very short time the satisfaction to be told that he had descended in safety in a field near St. Pancras church, the property of Mr. Harrison, a cow-keeper. He received only a slight hurt on one side of his face, from being thrown out of the basket; for though this had a false bottom, so constructed as to break the fall, it had little effect on the velocity of his lateral descent.

MILANESE IRRIGATION.

AS the irrigation of the Milanese is perhaps the greatest exertion of the kind that ever was in the world, and certainly the first that was undertaken in Europe, after the decline of the Roman empire, it merits every attention that a farming traveller can give; for it will be found, by very briefly recurring to records, which have been searched, that great exertions (perhaps as great as ever known) were made in this country, at a period when all the north of Europe was in a state of barbarism. In the year 1037, mention is made of the canal Vecchi

abbia. In 1067, watered meadows were common, called *prato roco*, by Landolfo. In 1077, there are notes of many streams used. In 1138, the monks of Chiarevalle bought of Giovannia Villano some commons, woods, and meadows for 81 liv. under the contract (a parchment yet remaining) "ut monasterium possit ex Vectabia trahere lectum ubi ipsum monasterium voluerit et si fuerit opus liceat facere eidem monasterio fossata super terram ipsius Johannis ab una parte via et ab alia. . . . &c. possit firmare et habere clusam in prato ipsius Johannis, &c." There is a similar contract of the following year, and various others, until the beginning of the 13th century; from which, and others, it appears, that the Vecchiabbia was the entire property of the monastery, and confirmed in 1276 by the diploma of the emperor Frederick II. The merit of these monks appears to have been great, for they gained such a reputation for their skill and industry, that they had many applications for assistance in directing works similar to their own upon uncultivated lands; and the imperial chancellor Rinaldo, in the time of the emperor Frederick I, being appointed archbishop of Cologne, found the possessions of his see in such a deplorable state, that he applied for, and received the same assistance, as reported by Cesarior Eisterbacence. Their greatest exertions were in irrigation, which was so well known, that they sold their superfluous water, transferring the use and property of some by the hour, day, and week. In two centuries they came to be possessed of 60,000 pertiche, mostly watered: there is reason to believe that the practice, in the 13th century, did not materially differ from the present modes; because, in the papers of the archives of the abbey of that period, mention is made of *chiuse*, *incastri*, *bochilli*, *soratori*, and other works, to distribute the water, and regulate the irrigation. In 1164, the emperor Frederick

gave various rights, in certain rivers, to the people of Pava for the purposes of irrigation. In 1177, the people of Milan enlarged and continued the Navillio Grande, from Abbiate Grasso to Milan, being fourteen miles; it was brought from the Tesino, near the Lago Maggiore, to Abbiate Grasso, twenty miles, by the people of Pavia, long before the date of any records now known to remain. In 1271, it was made navigable. It is thirty-two Italian miles long, and twenty-five braccia wide, or forty-nine English feet.

The second great work was the canal called Muzza, which takes the waters of the Adda, at Cassano, and carries them to Marignano, there dividing and watering much of the Lodizan. It was executed in 1220, and done in so admirable a style, that Padre Frisi, in the preface to *Modo di regolare i fiumi*, &c. says.... "il meccanismo d'irrigar le campagne é stato ridotto all'ultimo grado, di maestria e di perfezione nel canale di Muzza." And Padre Antonio Lecchi, another great engineer and mathematician, remarks.... "De' nostri tré celebri canali di Muzza, e de'due navigli qual altra memoria ci rimane ora, se non se quella del tempo della loro costruzione, e d'altre poche notizie, niente concernenti al maraviglioso artificio della loro condotta."

In 1305, the canal of Treviglio was made, which takes the water from the Brembo, and carries it, for several miles, about twenty-five feet wide, and about three deep; it irrigates the territory of Treviglio and the Ghiara d'Adda. And, within four or five miles, there are five canals, taken from the Adda and the Brembo, all of great antiquity. In 1460, the canal de Mar-tesano was begun, under duke Francis Sforza I; it was twenty-four miles long, and eighteen braccia (thirty-five English feet) wide; since lengthened seven or eight miles more. It takes the waters of the Adda a little before Trezzo, by means of a powerful wear (*chiuse*)

founded upon the living rock ; it is then supported for five miles by a solid wall of stone, forty braccia (eighty feet) above the bottom of the Adda, and parallel with it. At Gorgonzola it passes over the torrent Molgora by a bridge of three stone arches. At Carsenzago, it is crossed by the river Lambro, which enters and quits the canal with all its floods. And, in order to prevent the surplus of water, which this circumstance occasions, from breaking the banks of the canal, or overflowing them, there are nineteen scaricatori in the canal, above, below, and facing the junction, which are so calculated, that they have not only powers sufficient to take off the waters of that river, but also half of those of the canal itself. The scaricatori are canals which take the water, when sluice-gates are opened for that purpose, and convey it, at various distances, to the Lambro again ; the fall in its course being considerable enough to free the canal from all superfluity of water. Near Milan, this Navillio receives the torrent Seveso ; and, after surrounding the city, unites with the Navillio Grande and the Olona. The sluices which Bellidor supposed to be invented by the Dutch, were used, for the first time, near Padua, in 1481, by two engineers of Viterbo, Dionisius and Peter Domenico, brothers. Leonardo da Vinci profited immediately of this great invention, for the union of the two canals of Milan ; and finding between them the difference of the levels to be eighteen braccia, he, with six sluices, in the year 1497, under Ludovico il Moro, opened and facilitated the navigation from one to the other. The greatest scaricatore of the waters united at Milan, is the canal of Vecchiabbia, which, after having served some mills and irrigation, falls into the Lambro near Marignano ; and if this canal were made straight, and supported by some sluices, the navigation might be continued to the Lambro, and thence to the Po and the sea. Both these canals, the

Grande and the Martesano, are so contrived, as to be completely emptied once a year, for cleaning, and repairing whatever accidents may have happened to any of the works.

I have entered into this digression upon a very curious subject, little known in English literature, in order to show how well irrigation was understood, and how admirably it was practised, when the countries on this side of the Alps were barbarous. At the same time, however, that justice is thus done to these great exertions, we must bear in mind, that few districts in Europe are better, or so well, situated for irrigation. The lakes of Maggiore and Como, nearly upon the same level, are three hundred feet (one hundred and fifty braccia) higher than Milan, and that of Lugano two hundred feet higher than those, with a nearly regular declivity to the Po.

ON NOVEL WRITING.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

THERE is no period in the history of any nation, at all advanced in literature, in which fictitious narratives have not made a large part of the reading in which men have most delighted. They have been grafted on the actions of their heroes, interwoven with their mythology, moulded on the manners of the age, and, in return, have influenced not a little the manners of the next generation, by the principles they have inculcated, and the sensibilities they have exercised. A spirit of adventure, a high sense of honour, of martial glory, refined and romantic, sentimental delicacy, or all the enthusiasm of humanity, have been, in their turns, inspired by this powerful engine, which takes so strong a hold on the fancy and the passions of young readers. Accompanied with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic ; concentrating the incidents, and exchanging story for action, they become dra-

matic; allied with some great moral or political end, didactic, as in the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, and the *Belisarius* of Marmontel. They are often the vehicles of satire, as in the *Candid* and *Baboue* of Voltaire, and the *Gulliver* of Swift. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are often successfully employed to attack or to recommend the prevailing systems of the day. We have seen liberty and equality recommended by one performance, and ridiculed in another. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive, and its efficacy so great, it is evidently entitled to hold no mean rank among the productions of genius; and, in truth, there is hardly any department of literature in which we shall meet with more fine writing than in the best productions of this kind. It is not easy, therefore, to say, why the poet should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance writer so low a one, as the general voice assigns him; for his dignity has by no means been measured by the pleasure he affords to his readers; yet the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the modelling of a plan, the exhibition of character, the gradual unfolding of a plot, occasional beauties of description, and, above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart, by filling it with the emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport, or indignation, together with the grave and affecting moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to command our warmest praise. There is no walk in which taste and genius have more distinguished themselves, or in which virtuous and noble sentiments have been displayed with greater lustre, than in the splendid fictions, or pathetic tales, with which France, Germany, Switzerland, and England have adorned their literature. A history of romance, under all its forms, would be highly valuable, if given by a man of taste, and of ample reading. But there are some

periods which form a new era in this kind of writing, and those productions particularly deserve our attention, which stand at the head of a class, and have diverted the taste of the public into some new channel. Of this kind are the writings of Richardson. He may, in a great measure, be said to be the father of the modern novel of the serious or pathetic kind, and he was also original in the epistolary mode by which he carried on the story.

Should we search among the treasures of ancient literature for fictions similar to the modern novel, we should find none more nearly resembling it than "*Theagenes and Chariclea*," the work of Heliodorus, a christian bishop of Trieca, in Thessaly. Though his romance was unexceptionably pure and virtuous, he was required either to burn his book or resign his bishopric; upon which, with the heroism of an author, he chose the latter.

But after Europe had sunk into barbarism, a taste was again to be formed; and a taste for the natural, the graceful, and the simply-pathetic is generally the last step in the progress of civilization.

We know the character of the romances of chivalry....*Amadis de Gaul* at their head, with whose merits the English reader has lately been made acquainted, in an elegant abridged version. They were truly historical, but they heightened the traditional adventures of heroes with marvellous tales of giants, enchantments, and other supernatural contrivances. But we must not suppose that even these fictions were always regarded, as we now regard them, as the mere play of fancy: "*le vrai seul est aimable*" was always so far a maxim, that no work of fancy can greatly succeed, which is not founded on popular belief: but what is truth? In ancient times, talismans, and sympathetic powders, and all-healing charms, were generally credited.

Much love adventure was admitted into these narratives, but not always of the purest or most delicate

kind. Poetry was often made the vehicle, especially in Italy: *Orlando Furioso* is a chivalrous romance in verse.

As the spirit of warlike adventure subsided, these fictions softened, by degrees, into the languishing and amorous tales of the French school ...into *Clelias* and *Cassandras*. I might, indeed, have mentioned, before these, a romance of a peculiar kind, the *Astrea* of d'Urfé, which all France read with eagerness, when first published. It is a pastoral romance, and its celebrity was owing to its abounding with allusions to the amours of the court of Henry the fourth.

The principle of these romances was high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore but little resemblance to a natural passion. In the story, they approached a step nearer to nature; the adventures were marvellous, but not impossible. Their personages were all remote from common life, and taken from ancient history, but without the least resemblance to the heroes whose names they bore. The manners, therefore, and the passions, referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer; but the situations were often striking, and the sentiments always chaste and noble. They would have reigned longer, had they been less tedious. Boileau ridiculed these, as Cervantes had done the others, and their knell was rung: people were ready to wonder they had ever admired them.

A closer imitation of nature began now to be required: from the earliest times, however, there had been tales built upon real life, a few of them serious, but the greater part comic. The *Decamerone* of Boccaccio, the *Cent Nouvelles* of the queen of Navarre, *contes* and *fableaux* without number, may be considered as novels, though of a lighter texture: they abounded with adventure, generally of the humorous, often of

the licentious kind, and, indeed, were mostly founded on amorous intrigues, while the nobler passions were seldom touched. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind, and possesses great merit in the humorous way; but the *Zaide* and the *Princesse de Cleves* of Madame de la Fayette, are deemed the first that approach the modern novel of the serious kind, the latter especially: they were written in the reign of Louis XIV, greatly admired, and considered as forming a new era in works of invention. Voltaire says they were "the first romances in which were seen natural incidents, and the manners of good company, described with elegance. Before her time, improbable adventures were related in a turgid and affected style." The novels of Madame la Fayette are certainly beautiful, but a step is still wanting; they no longer speak, indeed, of Alexanders and Brutus's, still less of giants and fairies; but the heroes and heroines are princes and princesses. They are not people of our acquaintance. The scene is perhaps in Spain, or among the Moors: it does not reflect the picture of domestic life, they are not the men and women we daily see about us.

Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, a work of infinite diversion, though of dubious morality, presented us such people; but his portraits were mostly humorous, and his work was rather a series of separate adventures than a chain of events concurring to produce one catastrophe. There was still wanting a mode of writing which should connect the high passions and delicate sentiments of the old romance, with characters moving in our own sphere of life, and brought into action by events of daily occurrence.

In the earlier periods of English history, we had our share of the rude literature of the times, and we were familiar, either in translations or works of our own growth, with

the heroes of chivalry, many of whom belonged to our own country. We had also, in common with our neighbours, the monkish legends, a species of romance abounding with the marvellous, and particularly suited to the taste of a superstitious age. Many of these merit attention as a considerable class of fictions: they have been justly exploded for their falsehood; they should not be preserved for their invention: they are now harmless: they can no longer excite our indignation; let them be permitted still to amuse our fancy.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, we had the once famous romance, *Sidney's Arcadia*, of the pastoral-heroic kind. It is a book that all have heard of, some few possess, but nobody reads.

From that period, to the middle of the reign of George II, we had tales of various kinds, but scarcely one that is read at present, and, I believe, not any except that ingenious allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, that was known out of England. We had poets and philosophers long before we attained excellence in the lighter kinds of prosaic composition. Harrington's *Oceana* is political, and will grievously disappoint those who seek amusement in it. The *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manly lives only in that line of Pope which promises it immortality:

"As long as *Atalantis* shall be read."

It was, like *Astrea*, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious: they are also extinct. Till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a greater part of polite reading than novels, which had not attained either elegance or nice discrimination of characters; some maritime or some love adventure were all they aimed at. The ladies' library, described in the *Spectator*, contains "the Grand Cyrus, with a pin stuck in one of the leaves, and *Clelia*, which opened of itself in

the place that describes two lovers in a bower;" but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of one English novel, the *Atalantis* excepted. Plays are often mentioned as a favourite and dangerous part of ladies' reading.

The first author who distinguished himself by natural painting was that truly original genius De Foe; and if from any one Richardson caught his peculiar manner of writing, to him it must be traced, whose *Robinson Crusoe* and *Family Instructor*, the latter consisting of domestic dialogues, he must have read in his youth. Both were accurate describers, minute and circumstantial, but the minuteness of De Foe was displayed in things, and that of Richardson in persons and sentiments. No one knew, like De Foe, to give to fiction the air of truth, by an accumulation of circumstance, and a natural style of narration, unless, indeed, he were rivalled by Swift, in his *Gulliver* and *John Bull*. De Foe wrote also other tales, which I have not seen: they do not appear to have attained much celebrity. Richardson was the man who was born to introduce a new kind of moral painting: he drew equally from nature and from his own thoughts. From the world about him he took incidents, manners, and general character; and from his own imagination he copied that sublime of virtue, which charms us in *Clarissa*, and that sublime of passion, which subdues us in *Clementina*. That kind of fictitious writing, of which he has set the example, disclaims all aid from giants or genii. The moated castle gives place to a modern parlour; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a rustic maid, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions, and impressed by salutary maxims. The pathos of the story, and the dignity of the sentiments, interest and

charm us ; simplicity is warned, vice rebuked ; and from the perusal of a fiction we rise better prepared to meet calamity with firmness, and to perform our respective parts on the great theatre of life. It was the high and just praise given by our great critic, Dr. Johnson, to this author, that he had enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. The novelist has, indeed, all the advantage of the preacher in introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue ; an advantage which Richardson made large use of ; and he has besides the power of impressing them upon the heart, through the best sensibilities of our nature. Richardson prided himself on being a moral and religious writer ; and, as Addison did before him, he professed to take under his particular protection that sex which is supposed to be the most open to good or evil impressions, whose inexperience most requires cautionary precepts, and whose sensibilities it is most important to secure against a wrong direction. The manner of this captivating writer was also new.

There are three modes of carrying on a story : the narrative, or epic, as it may be called ; in this the author himself relates the whole adventure : this is the manner of Cervantes, in his *Don Quixote*, and of Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*. It is the most common way. The author, like the muse, is supposed to know every thing ; he can reveal the secret springs of actions, and let us into events in his own time and manner. He can be concise or diffuse, according as the different parts of his story require it. He can indulge, as Fielding does, in digressions and reflections, and thus deliver sentiments, and display knowledge, which would not properly belong to any of the characters. But his narration will not be lively, except he frequently drops himself, and runs into dialogue : all good writers, therefore, have thrown as

much as possible of the dramatic into their narrative. Mad. d'Arblay has done this so successfully, that we have as clear an idea, not only of the sentiments, but the manner of expression of her different personages, as if we took it from the scenes of a play.

Another mode is that of memoirs, where the hero of the adventure relates his own story. *Smollet*, in his *Roderick Random*, and *Goldsmith*, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, have adopted this mode : it confines the author's style, which ought to be, though it is not always, suited to the capacity and education of the imaginary narrator. It has the warmth and interest a person may be supposed to feel in relating his own concerns, and he can more gracefully dwell upon minute circumstances. It has a greater air of truth, and it seems to account for the communication to the public. The author, it is true, knows every thing ; but, when the secret recesses of the heart are to be laid open, we can hear no one with so much pleasure as the actor himself. *Mari-vaux*, a contemporary of Richardson, has put the history of Marianne into her own mouth, and we are amused to hear her dwell on little touches, which are almost too trivial to be noticed by any body but herself.

But what the hero cannot say, the author cannot tell, nor can it be rendered probable, that a very circumstantial narrative should be given by a person, perhaps at the close of a long life, of conversations that have happened at the beginning of it. The author has always two characters to support, and has to consider how his hero felt during his adventures, and how it is natural he should feel when only relating them ; at a period, perhaps, when curiosity is extinct, passions cool, and when, at any rate, the suspenses which kept pace with them are over. This seems, therefore, the least perfect mode of any.

A third way is that of epistola-

ry correspondence, carried on between the persons of the story.... This is the form used by Richardson, and many others after, but by none before him. He seems to have been led to it by some circumstances in his early youth. This method unites the advantages of the other two; it gives the feelings of the moment, as the writers felt them at the moment. It allows a pleasing variety of style, if the author has sufficient command of language to assume it. It makes the work dramatic, since all the characters speak in their own persons. It accounts for chasms in the story, by the probable omission or loss of letters. It is inconsistent with a rapid style, but gives room for the graceful introduction of remarks and sentiments, or almost any kind of digressive matter. But, on the other hand, it is highly incredible; it is the *most natural* and the *least probable* way of telling a story. That letters should be written at all times, and upon every occasion in life, that those letters should be preserved, and altogether form a connected story, it requires much art to render probable. It introduces the inconvenience so much felt in dramatic writing, for want of a narrator; the necessity of having an insipid confidant to tell those circumstances to, that an author can introduce in no other way. It obliges a man to tell of himself, what shame or modesty would suffer no man to tell; and when a long conversation is repeated, supposes a memory more exact than is generally found. Artificial as it is, still it enables an author to assume, in a lively manner, the hopes, and fears, and passions, and to imitate the peculiar way of thinking and speaking of his characters, and has been adopted by many, both at home and abroad, especially by the French writers; their language, perhaps, being particularly suited to the epistolary style, and *Roussseau* himself, in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, has followed the steps of our countryman.

ON THE OLD VENETIAN GOVERNMENT.

By Arthur Young.

FOR twenty years prior to the conquest, there was in the republic little more than a multiplication of abuses, so that almost every circumstance, which has been condemned in the arbitrary governments of Europe, were then to be found in that of Venice. And as an instance of the principles on which they governed their provinces, that of Istria was quoted.

1. To preserve the woods (which belong to the prince), they prevent the people from turning any cattle into them; and if any man cut a tree, he is infallibly sent to the galleys, which has driven numbers out of that part of the country, where the woods are situated.

2. There are great opportunities of making salt, and the pans might be numerous, but it is a monopoly held by the state; they purchase a certain quantity at 10*s*. French, per quintal, and if more than the specified quantity be made, it is lodged in their magazines on credit; and it may be two, three, or four years before the maker of it be paid.

3. Oil is a monopoly of the city of Venice; none can be sold but through that city; by which transit an opportunity is taken to levy two ducats (each 4 livres of France) per barrel, of 100 lb. and five more *entree* into Venice.

4. The coast abounds remarkably with fish, which are taken in almost any quantity; salt is on the spot, yet no use can be made of it, but by contraband, except for Venice singly. Thus a great trade in barrelled fish is foregone, in order to make a whole province beasts of burden to a single city.

5. The heavy tax of a *stajo* of wheat, 130 lb. is laid on each head of a family, payable to the Venetian bailiff.

The practical result of such principles of government confirms what-

ever condemnation theory could pronounce. Every part of the province, except a district that is more favoured than the rest in soil and climate, was depopulated; and so much were the woods preferred to the people, that parts, which once abounded with men, had become deserts, and the small population remaining in other parts was every day diminishing. Dalmatia was in a yet worse state, for the greater part of it was a real desert: in 1781 and 1782, no less than 12,000 families emigrated from the province. As I have not travelled in these provinces, I do no more than report the account given by well-informed Italians, though not residing in the territories of the republic. Before the government of this stern aristocracy is made the subject of exaggerated praise, let facts, counter to these, be made the foundation.

In the immediate operations of their government at home, the same weakness is found. Their poverty has increased with their revenue; they have raised the leases of the farmers general (for that odious collection is the mode they pursue) considerably; and, near twenty years ago, they seized many of the possessions of the monks. They did the same with the estates of some of the hospitals; but though such exertions have raised their revenue to 6,100,000 ducats (1,054,000*l.* sterl.), yet, from bad management, they have been obliged to sell the offices, which were, in better times, granted to merit, and committed a sort of bankruptcy, by reducing the interest of their old debts from five to three per cent. Their credit is at so low an ebb, that they opened a subscription to fund 700,000 ducats, and, notwithstanding every art, could procure no more than about 300,000. Instead of their famous chain, which marked the wisdom of their economy, their treasury is without a sol: and, to show the apprehensions they have of provinces under their dominion throwing off their yoke, if

they are at a small distance from the seat of government, the state makes a distinction in the political treatment of the Bergamasque and Brescian territories, from those nearer to Venice, in respect to privileges, punishments, taxes, &c.: no favourable feature of their government, and which shows that they think the people made for their city.

Perhaps, in the system of their finances, there is no circumstance that shows a decline of the real principles of their government more than that of putting contraventions of the tobacco farm under the controul of the state inquisitors: a conduct utterly ridiculous, in a state that once conducted itself with so much dignity.

Even in the delicate article of imparting the privileges of the aristocracy to the nobility of Terra Firma, by whom they are in general detested, they have exhibited no doubtful symptoms of weakness, and want of policy. Reputation has been, for many years, the great support of their government; to manifest, therefore, such a want of policy, as strikes the most careless eye, is to suffer in the tenderest point. In 1774, they offered, gratis, a seat in the *consiglio maggiore*, to forty families, their subjects, who possessed 1200*l.* a year in land, provided there were four degrees of nobility, on the side of both husband and wife. Great numbers of families were eligible, but not ten in the whole would agree to the proposal. To offer a share in the legislature of so celebrated a republic, which, in past periods, would have been sought for with singular avidity, and to suffer the mortification of a refusal, was exhibiting a sign of internal weakness, and of want of judgment, adapted to reduce the reputation of their policy to nothing.

The motives for the refusal are obvious: these families must of course remove to Venice; that is, to go from a city where they were old and respected, to another where

they would be new and despised. Their estates also would not only suffer from their absence, but would be subject to new entails, and held by other tenures; no mortgage of them is allowable; and they are subject to peculiar laws of inheritance. In addition to these disadvantages, they are cut off from serving foreign princes; whereas the nobility of Terra Firma engage in such services. The emperor's ambassador at Turin is a subject of Venice, and one of the Pellegrini family a field marshal in his army. Nor did the noblemen of Terra Firma refuse the favour for these reasons alone; they dreaded the power which the state exerts over the noble Venetians, in sending them upon expensive embassies, in which they must spend the whole of their income, and, if that be not sufficient, contract debts to support themselves: for these reasons, the government might have known, before they made the offer, that it would subject them to the disgrace of a refusal. Long before the period in question, considerable additions had been made to nobles of Venice, from the Terra Firma, but these honours were paid for, the price 17,000*l.* sterling, 7,000*l.* in cash, and 10,000*l.* lent to the state in perpetuity.

It is a curious circumstance, which marks undecievingly the general features of the Venetian government, that about forty years ago, as well as at other periods, there were negotiations between the court of Vienna and the Venetians, relative to an exchange of territory; the district of Crema was to have been given by Venice, for a part of the Chiara d'Adda; the rumour of which filled the people of the latter with the greatest apprehensions; they felt even a terror at the idea of being transferred to the government of Venice; knowing, certainly, from their vicinity, that the change would be for the worse. This ascertains the comparative merit of two governments, that one is less bad than the other.

ON THE TRADE OF LOMBARDY.

By the same.

EIGHTEEN-TWENTIETHS of this trade consist in the export of the produce of agriculture, and therefore ought rather to be esteemed a branch of that art, than of commerce; and it is equally worthy of notice, that thus subsisting by agriculture, and importing manufactures, these countries must be ranked among the most flourishing in the world; abounding with large and magnificent towns, decorated in a manner that sets all comparison at defiance; the country every where cut by canals of navigation or irrigation; many of the roads splendid; an immense population; and such public revenues, that if Italy were united under one head, she would be classed among the first powers in Europe.

When it is considered that all this has been effected generally under governments not the best in Europe; when we farther reflect that England has, for a century, enjoyed the best government that exists, we shall be forced to confess, perhaps with astonishment, that Great Britain has not made considerable advances in agriculture, and in the cultivation of her territory. The wastes of the three kingdoms are enormous, and far exceeding, in proportional extent, all that are to be found in Italy; while, of our cultivated districts, there are but a few provinces remarkable for their improvements. Whoever has viewed Italy with any degree of attention, must admit, that if a proportion of her territory, containing as many people as the three British kingdoms, had for a century enjoyed as free a government, giving attention to what has been a principal object, viz. agriculture, instead of trade and manufacture, they would at this time have made almost every acre of their country a fertile garden; and would have been in every respect a greater, richer, and more

flourishing people than we can possibly pretend to be. What they have done under their present governments, justifies this assertion: we, blessed with liberty, have little to exhibit of superiority.

What a waste of time to have squandered a century of freedom, and lavished a thousand millions sterling of public money, in questions of commerce! He who considers the rich inheritance of a hundred years of liberty, and the magnitude of those national improvements, which such immense sums would have effected, will be inclined to do more than question the propriety of the political system, which has been adopted by the legislature of this kingdom, that in the bosom of freedom, and commanding such sums, has not, in the agriculture of any part of her dominions, any thing to present which marks such expence, or such exertion, as the irrigation of Piedmont and the Milanese.

DERIVATION OF THE WORDS NOON AND FORTNIGHT.

MINSHEW, and many others, deduce the word *noon* from *non*; as sir Henry Spelman, bishop Kennet, and Mr. Johnson. Many write it accordingly *none*, as Skelton the poet, Hall, in his Chronicle, and Dr. Plott. The Saxon *non* has the same original; and it amounts to the same thing, whether our word *noon* be the Saxon *non* or the Latin *nona*, since they both import the ninth hour of the day, and, of consequence, had no relation originally to the sun in his meridional altitude, but to the ninth hour, supposing the day to begin at six o'clock in the morning.

This term came gradually to denote the time of dining: first, because it was the hour when, in fasting, people were allowed to break their fasts, or the monks to eat their dinner, which was afternoon song; and secondly, that by an easy abuse, or catachresis, the word was brought

to signify twelve o'clock, the common hour of dining in all cases. It is remarkable, that, for such reason, eleven o'clock is noon at Trent: so arbitrary are things of this nature.

The Saxons reckoning by nights, and not by days (whereby the nights evidently preceded the days) their day began at evening; hence our *se'ennight* and *fortnight*; and see Tacitus, Du Fresne, sir Thomas Brown, Verstegan, and Thoresby.

As to the Britons, still more anciently their practice may be collected, with some degree of certainty, from Cæsar's Commentaries, where it appears that the Gauls began their day at the same time as the Saxons did, with the evening; and it is always allowable to argue from the customs of the Gauls to those of our island Britons, whence it follows, that these last began their day at the same time.

SCOTTISH DESERTS.

A GREAT plain, called the Moor of Rannach, is situated in the centre of the highest mountains of Scotland. It is a desert about twenty miles square, extending from the hills of Glen Lyon, as far as Ben Nevis in Lochaber; flat and morassy in its nature, and wholly without inhabitants or cultivation.

There is a second plain which comprehends some part of Coygach, Assynt, and Edirdachillis, stretching along the north-west coast as far as Loch Inchar, being in length about twenty-four miles, and in breadth eight or ten. This, though appertaining to the mountainous region of the country, is nevertheless very different from the adjoining Highland districts; for without being so remarkably high, it is infinitely more rugged and broken than any other part of Britain.

In order to convey any tolerable idea of a country so very extraordinary in its nature, we may suppose some hundreds of the highest mountains split into many thousand

pieces, and the fragments scattered about. Between these lumps of rocks are numberless ponds of fresh water. Here and there, too, a cottage is to be seen, with a spot of cultivated ground, not in general tilled, for it is but in few places that it is possible to make use of a plough, but dug with a mattock, in the interstices between the splinters of the rocks. The wood to be met with here is chiefly birch, without, however, growing to any great size; and through the general mass, the sea, from distance to distance, indents itself far into the land, forming a scene the most wild and romantic that can be imagined.

MAHOMETAN MARRIAGE.

THE Mahometan religion, it is well known, admits of polygamy to the extent of four wives, and as many concubines as they please; but, if we except the very opulent, the people seldom avail themselves of this indulgence, since it entails on them a vast additional expence in house-keeping, and in providing for a large family. Whatever institution is contrary to truth and sound morality will in practice refute itself; nor is any further argument than this single observation wanting to answer all the absurdities which have been advanced in favour of a plurality of wives.

MASSINGER.

MR. GIFFORD, the translator of Juvenal, has completed his preparations for a new edition of Massinger. A very accurate collection has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a most corrupt and mutilated state in the publications of Coxeter and Monck Mason. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illustrative, and subjoined to each play

a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a copious fragment of an unpublished play of Massinger. It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuscript is mouldered away by length of time.

EGYPT.

THE committee of French literati, employed in preparing the great work on Egypt, the result of all the researches made during Bonaparte's expedition to that country, have lately made a report on their progress to the minister of the home department. There are already 100 copperplates engraved, of which forty-seven are ancient Egyptian monuments, three Egyptian handicrafts, seventeen new Egyptian structures, and twenty-eight relative to the natural history of that country. One hundred and sixty copperplates are at present engraving, among which are a number of statues, inscriptions, and other lesser remains of antiquity.

NEW INVENTIONS.

ANTHONY NIEDERMAYER, of Ratisbon, in Germany, has invented a new method of multiplying copies of musical notes or of drawings. This method unites with great accuracy and neatness the advantage of a very small expence. With ink prepared for the purpose, he writes the notes on tablets of marble, or draws any design upon them. As soon as the text or original is copied, he takes impressions of it, which are perfectly exact, and of a beautiful black colour. The tablets will furnish several thousands of copies without any alteration. This method saves a great deal of trouble, and a great number of tools, &c. The copies are taken off as fast as in printing from copperplates.

MR. HERMSTAEDT, of Berlin, has discovered that the tormentilla erecta, a plant that grows almost every where, and the polygonum bistorta, furnish excellent materials for tanning leather. If, for instance, a pound of dry hide requires seven pounds of oaken bark to tan it completely, the same weight of hide requires only a pound and a half of tormentilla, or three pounds of bistorta; he likewise employs the leaves of the oak tree with advantage in the operation of tanning leather.

M. BRUCHMANN, of Berlin, has found a mode of dyeing cotton a rose colour, by employing, for that purpose, wild plumbs and muriatic acid (spirit of salt) or sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol).

CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.

THE committee of works, of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, in pursuance of the plan adopted by the president and directors, for giving information to the stockholders and public at large of the progress of the work, now offer the following detail of its procedure since the stated meeting of the board in July last:

During the whole of this period, the work has been carried on with unremitting diligence: about 250 workmen have been constantly employed, and their progress has been such as to satisfy the utmost expectations of the committee.

Several of the committee having just completed a visit and examination of the whole of the works, are enabled to give the following particulars of its progress:

From the commencement of the feeder at the forge on Elk river, about half a mile has been fully completed, filled with water, and is navigated for conveying stone for

the intended aqueduct over the Elk.

From the end of this first piece or division, a second piece of about half a mile more is open and nearly finished, having been more tedious from its rocky soil, which, however, furnishes stone for the masonry of the works.

After a few intervening perches of ground, not yet begun, a third piece or division extends for near three-quarters of a mile to the road from Elkton to Lancaster, which it crosses. Of this distance the greater part is quite complete, and the rest nearly finished.

From the above road eastward, towards the Newark road to Elkton, upwards of half a mile more is open, a considerable part completed, and the rest greatly advanced.

Between the Newark road and the main post road from Christiana to Elkton, near a mile is opened and much advanced.

To the eastward of the main post road, about one-fourth of a mile is open, and a considerable part of it finished.

All these parts or divisions, taken together, amount to upwards of three miles and a half out of five, which constitutes the whole course of the feeder to the reservoir.

The interslices or spaces between these different pieces or divisions, except in one or two places, are mere divisions of the different contracts by which the work has been done, or are left to accommodate other operations, and will soon be removed, so as to unite the parts which are completed.

With respect to the plan and execution of the work, the committee feel highly satisfied, that the form and size of it are such as at once to afford the conveyance of water and navigation to the canal, with as much simplicity as possible, and that its execution has been made with as strict economy as is consistent with the importance of its uses, and the strength and durability which a public work of so much importance ought to possess;

nor do they hesitate in believing, that the finished parts of it will bear the test of comparison with most European works of the kind.

The committee feel it an act of justice to say, that the plans and conduct of the engineer have been such as to do high credit to his professional skill and abilities; that the superintendants of the masonry, and other mechanical parts, have evinced great skill in their respective works; that the contractors for digging have performed their work with diligence and integrity; and that the labourers have conducted themselves, in general, with industry and propriety. From such a body of men collected together, some instances of disorder will be expected; but few or none have occurred, except in the unfortunate affray at Elkton races, which appears to have arisen from no previous intention or spirit of insubordination, but to have been one of those disturbances, which too frequently arise out of large public meetings of diversion.

Upon the whole, when it is considered that this is the first season of the operations on this work, that the weather has been often more than usually unfavourable, that it was late before a beginning could be made, that contractors, workmen, tools, and materials of every kind were to be provided, and the whole system of proceedings to be formed, the committee believe that the stockholders and the public in general will agree with them in opinion, that the progress which has been made is far beyond their expectations, that the dispatch of the work is such as to induce a belief, that nearly, if not altogether, the whole of the feeder may be completed within the present year, and that the plan, execution, and conduct of the work in general is such as to merit the confidence of the public, and ensure the success of the great work of the canal itself, if supported by that zeal and punctuality in the stockholders, and that general public spirit, with which it

was begun, and upon which it now wholly depends.

October 24, 1804.

THERMOLAMPS.

IN lieu of fire or candle, on the chimney stands a large crystal globe, in which appears a bright and clear flame, diffusing a very agreeable heat; and on different pieces of furniture are placed candlesticks with metal candles, from the top of each of which issues a steady light, like that of a lamp burning with spirits of wine. These different receptacles are supplied with inflammable gas by means of tubes communicating with an apparatus underneath. By this contrivance all the apartments are warmed very comfortably, and illuminated in a brilliant manner.

You may have remarked in sitting before a fire, that wood sometimes burns without flame, but with much smoke, and then you experience little heat, sometimes with flame, but with little smoke, and then you find much warmth. Ill-made charcoal emits smoke; it is, on that account, susceptible of flaming again; and the characteristic difference between wood and charcoal is, that the latter has lost, together with its smoke, the principle and aliment of flame, without which you obtain but little heat. Experience next informs us, that this portion of smoke, the aliment of flame, is not an oily vapour condensable by cooling, but a gas, a permanent air, which may be washed, purified, conducted, distributed, and afterwards turned into flame at any distance from the hearth.

It is almost needless to point out the formation of verdigrise, white lead, and a quantity of other operations, in which acetous acid is employed. It is this pyroligneous acid which penetrates smoked meat and fish; it has an effect on leather which it hardens; and *thermolamps*

are likely to render tanning-mills unnecessary, by furnishing the tan without further trouble.

This aliment of flame is deprived of those humid vapours, so perceptible and disagreeable to the sight and smell. Purified to perfect transparency, it floats in the state of cold air, and suffers itself to be directed by the smallest and most fragile pipes. Chimnies of an inch square, made in the thickness of the plaster of ceilings or walls, tubes even of gummed silk would answer this purpose. The end alone of the tube, which, by bringing the inflammable gas into contact with the atmospheric air, allows it to catch fire, and on which the flame reposes, ought to be of metal.

By a distribution so easy, a single stove may supply the place of all the chimnies of a house. Every where inflammable air is ready to diffuse immediately heat and light of the mildest or most glowing nature, simultaneously or separately, according to your wishes. In the twinkling of an eye, you may conduct the flame from one room to another; an advantage equally frugal and convenient, and which can never be obtained with our common stoves and chimnies. No sparks, no charcoal, no soot, to trouble you; no ashes, no wood, to soil your apartments. By night, as well as day, you can have a fire in your room, without a servant being obliged to look after it. Nothing in the *thermolamps*, not even the smallest portion of inflammable air, can escape combustion; while in our chimnies, torrents evaporate, and even carry off with them the greater part of the heat produced.

The advantage of being able to purify and proportion, in some measure, the principles of the gas which feeds the flame is evident; but this flame is so subjected to our caprice, that even to tranquilize the imagination, it suffers itself to be confined in a crystal globe, which is never tarnished, and thus presents a medium pervious to light and heat. A part of the tube that conducts the

inflammable air, carries off, out of doors, the produce of this combustion, which, according to modern chemists, can be nothing more than aqueous vapour.

Who cannot but be fond of having recourse to a flame so flexible and obsequious? It will dress your victuals, which, as well as your cooks, will not be exposed to the vapour of wood or charcoal; it will warm again those dishes on your table; dry your linen; heat your oven, and the water for your baths or your washing, with every economical advantage that can be wished. No moist or black vapours; no ashes, no breeze, to make a dirt, or oppose the communication of heat; no useless loss of heat: you may, by shutting an opening, which is no longer necessary for placing the wood in your oven, compress and coerce the torrents of heat that were escaping from it.

An inflammable principle so docile, and so active, may be made to yield the most magnificent illuminations. Streams of fire finely drawn out, the duration, colour, and form of which may be varied at pleasure, the motion of suns and turning columns, must produce an effect no less agreeable than brilliant.

Wood yields in condensable vapours two thirds of its weight; those vapours may therefore be employed to produce the effects of our steam-engines, and it is needless to borrow this succour from foreign water.

FRENCH PRIVATE BALL.

HAPPENING to call yesterday on a French lady of my acquaintance, I perceived preparations as if she expected company. She did not leave me long in suspense, but invited me to her party for that evening.

This good lady, no longer in the flower of her age, was still in bed, though it was four o'clock. On expressing my fears that she was indisposed, she assured me of the con-

trary, adding that she seldom rose till five in the afternoon, from being obliged to keep late hours. Enquiring into the *necessity* which compelled her to turn day into night, she gave me the following account of herself and her way of life :

During the reign of terror, several of us *ci-devant noblesse* lost our nearest relatives, and with them our property, which was either confiscated, or put under sequestration, so that we were absolutely threatened with famine. When the prisoners were massacred in September, 1792, I spared no pains to save the life of my uncle and grandfather, who were both in the *Abbaye*. All my efforts were fruitless; they served only to exasperate their murderers, and contributed, I fear, to hasten their deaths, which it was my fate to witness. Their butchers, from whom I had patiently borne every kind of insult, went so far as to present to me, on the end of a pike, a human heart, which appeared to have been broiled on the embers, assuring me that, as it was the heart of my uncle, I might eat it with safety.

I was so overwhelmed by rage, despair, and grief, that I scarcely retained the use of my senses..... What little I was able to save from the wreck of my fortune, not affording me the means of subsistence, I was compelled to adopt a plan of life, by which I saw other women, in my forlorn condition, support a decent appearance. I hired suitable apartments, and twice in each decade I receive company. On one of these two nights I give a ball and supper, and on the other, under the name of *societe*, I have cards only.

Having a numerous circle of female acquaintance, concluded she, my balls are generally well attended; those who are not fond of dancing, play at the *bouillotte*; and the card-money defrays all expences, leaving me a good profit. In short, these six parties, during the month, enable me to pay my rent, and produce me a tolerable pittance.

Many volumes would not suffice to display half the contrasts engendered by the revolution. Many a *marquise* has been obliged to turn sempstress, to gain a livelihood; but my friend the *comtesse*, with much ready wit, had no talents for the needle.

Having soothed her mind by venting a few imprecations against the murderers of her kinsmen, she informed me that her company began to assemble between eleven and twelve at night, and begged I would not fail to come to her private ball.

About twelve o'clock I went accordingly, when I found the rooms crowded. Among a number of very agreeable ladies, several were distinguished for their figure, though only three were remarkable for beauty. The dancing was already begun to an excellent band of music, led by Julien, a mulatto, deemed the first player of contre-dances in Paris. Of the dancers, some of the women really astonished me by the ease and grace of their movements; steps known to be the most difficult, seemed to cost them not the smallest exertion. Famous as they have ever been for dancing, they seem now "to outdo their usual outdoings."

Formerly, great curiosity was excited by any female who excelled in this pleasing accomplishment. Don Juan of Austria set out post from Brussels, and came to Paris *incog.* on purpose to see Marguerite de Valois dance at a dress-ball, she being reckoned, at that time, the best dancer in Europe. What would be the admiration of such an *amateur*, could he behold the excellence attained by some of the beauties of the present day!

The men seemed to pride themselves more on agility than grace, and, by attempting whatever required extraordinary efforts, reminded me of *figurans* on the stage, so much have the Parisian youth adopted a truly theatrical style of dancing.

The French contre-dances (or co-

tilions) and waltzes, which are as much in vogue here as in Germany, were regularly interchanged. The Parisians cannot come up to the Germans in this their native dance. I should have wished to have had Lavater's opinion of the different female waltzers. It is a curious spectacle to see one woman assume a languishing air, another a vacant smile, a third an aspect of indifference; while a fourth seems lost in a voluptuous trance, a fifth captivates by a witching modesty, a sixth affects the insensibility of a statue, and so on in ever-varying succession, though all turning to the changes of the same lively waltz. In this dance, the eyes and feet of every woman appeared constantly at variance.

Werter was surely in the right when he swore that no woman, on whom he had set his affections, should ever waltz with any but himself. Jacobi, a German writer, says, speaking of the waltz, we either ought not to boast so much of the propriety of our manners, or else not suffer that our wives and daughters, in a complete delirium, softly pressed in the arms of men, bosom to bosom, should thus be hurried away by the sound of intoxicating music. In this *whirligig* dance, every one seems to forget the rules of decorum; and though an innocent young creature, thus exposed, remain pure, can she, without horror, reflect that she becomes the sport of the imagination of licentious youths, to whom she so abandons herself? Our damsels, those who preserve any vestige of bashfulness, should, concealed in a private corner, hear the conversation of those very men to whom they yield themselves with so little reserve.

This dance, like all other French fashions, has found its way to England, and is introduced between the acts, by way of interlude, at some of our grand private balls and assemblies.

French contre-dances and waltzes alternately continued till four o'clock, when soup was brought round to all

the company. This was dispatched *sans facon*, as fast as it could be procured. It was a prelude to the cold supper, which was presently served in another spacious apartment. The folding doors of an adjoining room were then thrown open, but, large as it was, it could not accommodate more than half the company. I therefore remained in the back ground, supposing that places would first be provided for all the women. Not so; several men seated themselves, while the female bystanders were necessitated to seek seats at some temporary tables placed in the ball-room. Here too were they in luck if they obtained a few fragments from the grand board, for such voracity was there exhibited, that so many cormorants could not have been more expeditious in clearing the board.

An enormous salmon graced the middle of the principal table. In less than five minutes after the company were seated, I turned round, and missing the fish, asked if it had proved tainted. No: but it is all devoured, was the reply of a young man, who, pointing to the bone, offered me a pear and a piece of bread, which he shrewdly observed was all that I might probably get to recruit my strength at this entertainment. I took the hint, and, with the addition of a glass of common wine, at once made my supper.

In half an hour, the tables being removed, the ball was resumed with fresh spirit. The card-room had never been deserted. *Mind the main chance* is a wholesome maxim, which the good lady of the house seemed not to have forgotten. Assisted by a sort of *croupier*, she did the honours of the *bouillotte* with that admirable *sans-froid*, which you have often witnessed in some of our hostesses of fashion; and, had she not communicated to me the secret, I should have been the last to suspect, while she appeared so indifferent, that she had so great an interest in the party being continued till morning.

As an old acquaintance, she took

an opportunity of saying to me, with exultation, "*Le jeu va bien*;" but expressed her regret that the supper was such a scramble. I inquired the name and character of the most striking women in the room, and found that they were chiefly such as, like herself, had suffered by the revolution; several were divorced from their husbands; but as incompatibility of temper had been their general plea, that could not operate as a blemish.

To judge of the political tenets of these belles from their exterior, a stranger would be often led into error. He might naturally conclude them to be republicans, since they have, in general, adopted the Athenian attire, though they have not, in the smallest degree, the simple manners of that people. Their arms are bare almost to the shoulder; their bosom is, in a great measure, uncovered; their ancles are encircled by narrow ribands, in imitation of the fastenings of sandals; and their hair, turned up close behind, is confined on the crown of the head in a large knot, as we see it in the antique busts of Grecian beauties.

The rest of their dress is adapted more to display than to veil their persons. It was thus explained to me by my friend, the *comtesse*, who assured me that young French women, clad in this airy manner, brave all the rigour of winter. A simple piece of linen, slightly laced before, while it leaves the waist uncompressed, answers the purpose of a corset. If they put on a robe, which is not open in front, they dispense with petticoats altogether, their cambric *chemise* having the semblance of one, from its skirt being trimmed with lace. When attired for a ball, those who dance, as you may observe, commonly put on a tunic, and then a petticoat becomes a matter of necessity rather than of choice. Pockets being deemed an incumbrance, they wear none; what money they carry is contained in a little morocco leather purse: this is concealed in the centre of the bosom, whose form,

in our well-shaped women, being that of the Medicean Venus, the receptacle occasionally serves for a little gold watch, or some other trinket, which is suspended to the neck by a collar of hair, variously decorated. When they dance, the fan is introduced within the zone or girdle, and the handkerchief is kept in the pocket of some sedulous swain, to whom the fair one has recourse when she has occasion for it. Some of the elderly ladies carry these appendages in a sort of work-bag, called a *ridicule*. This was lately the universal fashion, as a substitute for pockets, but, at present it is totally laid aside by the younger classes.

The men were, for the most part, of the military class, thinly interspersed with returned emigrants. Some of the generals and colonels were in their hussar dress-uniform, which is not only becoming to a well-formed man, but splendid and costly. All the seams of the jacket and pantaloons of the generals are covered with rich and tasteful embroidery, as well as their sabretash, and those of the colonels with gold or silver lace: a few even wore boots of red morocco.

Most of the Gallic youths, having served a short time in the armies, have acquired a martial air, which is very discernible, in spite of their *habit bourgeois*. The brown coat cannot disguise the soldier. Several young merchants have served, some two, others four years, in the ranks, and constantly refused every sort of advancement. Not wishing to remain in the army, and relinquish the profession in which they had been educated, they cheerfully passed through their military servitude as privates, and, like true soldiers, gallantly fought their country's battles.

The hour of six being arrived, I was assailed, on all sides, by applications to set down this or that lady, as the morning was very rainy, and, besides the long rank of hackney coaches drawn up at the door, every vehicle that could be procured

had long been in requisition. The mistress of the house had informed two of her particular female friends that I had a carriage in waiting; and as I could accommodate only a certain number at a time, after having consented to take those ladies home first, I conceived myself at liberty, on my return, to select the rest of my convoy. To relieve beauty in distress was one of the first laws of ancient chivalry; and no knight ever accomplished that vow with greater ardour than I did on this occasion.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

HAVING shaken off the yoke, and being little disposed to bear that of the emperors of the west, who boasted of being the successors of those of Rome, the principal cities of Italy found means to recover their former liberty. The eleventh, and the two following centuries, roused the genius of the nation from the profound sleep into which it seemed to have been plunged, and letters, commerce, and the arts began to revive, and to be cultivated.

The lives of the saints, or spiritual romances in dialogue, do not deserve to be mentioned; and if they are to be considered as belonging to the dramatic art, we may say also, that a dramatic scene takes place every time that two persons converse together.

Among an infinite multitude of Provincial, Sicilian, and Tuscan poetical pieces, we find nothing till the beginning of the thirteenth century, that has any resemblance to a theatrical representation. Poets had written some songs in dialogue; but they had neither theatres, orchestras, nor permanent audiences; they sung to one or two people, and made their songs be accompanied by instruments, and great lords readily admitted them into their courts. The Germans had something of the same kind in their *Minnesoen-*

ger, or *Love Singers*; but at present we know nothing of their dramatic productions. The first *dramatic* representation, properly so called, of which we find any certain documents, was exhibited at Padua, in the meadow *della Valle*, in the year 1243 or 1244, on Easter Sunday. The company of Gonfalon was instituted at Rome, in 1264, the object of which was to represent the mysteries of the passion in the holy week. In 1298, some priests at Frioul gave the same spectacle to a great concourse of spectators. At Naples there were representations like these, called *Misterii*; but, very luckily, no copies of these ridiculous dramatic works are now to be found.

Albertino Mussato, of Padua, descended from a noble family still existing in that place, who was born in 1261, and died in 1330, informs us, in the preliminary discourse to a work *De Gestis Italicorum*, that in his time the actions of kings and heroes were chanted, and represented on the stage. Villani makes mention of a festival given in 1304, in Tuscany, in which a representation of hell was exhibited, and demons made to speak. Clero, of Frioul, represented the same year, the *Creation of Adam and Eve*, the *Annunciation*, and the *Delivery of the Virgin*.

To Albertino Mussato, however, one of the restorers of good literature, were the Italians indebted for the revival of the dramatic art, according to the ancient form. This author composed two tragedies in Latin verse, the *Achilleid*, and the *Eccerina*; the latter, the subject of which he took from the history of his own country, procured him the poetic laurel from his countrymen. It appears that the subject was fitted rather for a poem than a tragedy, which requires unity of action; but notwithstanding several irregularities in this piece, the style of it was very correct and expressive; the passions were well delineated, and national interest treated with a kind of art.

The first tragedy, written exactly

after the model of the Greeks, was produced in a city not far distant from Padua; and that this country, on which nature had bestowed beauty and fertility, enjoyed also peculiar privileges on the revival of letters. Petrarch, in his youth, had attempted to write a comedy, which has not been handed down to us; but even in his time there were some celebrated actors. He mentions a *Tommaso Bambasio*, of Ferrara, his intimate friend, whom he compares to Roscius. *Vergerio* the elder, who died in 1431, left a comedy, entitled *Paulus, ad juvenum mores corrigendos*, which is still preserved in manuscript in the Ambrosian library. *Giovanni Manzini de Lunigiana* wrote a tragedy on the misfortunes of *Antonio della Scala*. Some have pretended that the *Floriana* was a comedy of the fourteenth century, but this assertion is not supported by any solid authority.

Whilst tragedy was getting rid of its swaddling clothes, comedy was uttering the first cries of infancy. Provence, which was considered as a polished country, had only theatrical dialogues, which were entitled neither to the name of comedy nor of tragedy. *Baptist Parasols*, a Limousin, gave, however, the name of tragedy to five dialogues, which he wrote against Jean I, countess of Provence, and queen of Naples. Luc de Grimaud composed dramas or dialogues against pope Boniface VIII. In France, farces upon sacred subjects were already in use, when, in 1314, Philip the handsome armed his sons as knights. The English and the Germans had, in this century, mimico-sacred representations, but we have no certain documents respecting the Spaniards.

In the fifteenth century, the pieces taken from the sacred scriptures assumed a less rude form; they were the principal pieces acted upon the stage, as yet subjected to no proper regulations. The life and passion of Jesus Christ was treated of by several poets, among whom *Giuliano*

Dati and *Feo Belcari*, two Florentines, had a distinguished reputation. *Jacobo Alemanni* gave, in five acts, the *Conversion of St. Mary Magdalene*; about the year 1480 *Cardinal Rioria* caused the *Conversion of St. Paul* to be acted at Rome; in 1442, the Florentines rehearsed allegorical and dramatic fables, for the entry of Alphonso I, of Navarre, and Arragon; and in 1452, the *Mysteries of the Passion* were represented with much decoration and magnificence, in the church of St. Clare. *Antonio Caracciolo* exhibited farces, or assisted king Ferdinand I. *Sannazaro* made the *Gliuommere* be recited in the Tuscan language, and a farce, the subject of which was the *Taking of Grenada*; in the same year, 1489, *Bergonzo Botta* gave, at Tortona, a theatrical spectacle, in which the poetry, the music, the dancing, and the decorations, vied with each other in magnificence. *Progne*, a tragedy, in Latin verse, by *Gregorio Corraro*, a young Venetian senator, who died in 1494, which *Domenichi* published as belonging to him; and the *Passion of Jesus Christ*, by *Bernardino Campagna*, of Verona, were in their time worthy of praise. *Carlo Verardo*, of *Cesana*, composed and caused to be represented at Rome, two dramas in Latin hexameter verse, which were printed in 1493; the first, entitled *Fernandus servatus*, has for the persons who speak *Pluto*, *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, *Megara*, *Ruffo*, who is the tyrant of the piece; *the queen*, *a nurse*, *St. James*, *the king*, *Cardinal Mendoza*, and *the chorus*. *Leonard Aretin*, and the chancellor of Padua, *Sicco de Polento* composed also dramatic works in Latin; the *Lusus Ebriorum* of the latter was afterwards translated by *Modesto*, of Polento, into Italian, with the title of *Catania*, and published at Trent, in 1472; this was the first comedy printed in the vulgar tongue, as its original was, properly speaking, the first comedy after the revival of letters. Padua, therefore, after this period, produced the first comedy, as well

as the first tragedy. The *Orpheus*, of Poliziano, the first pastoral fable, appeared some time after. *Notturno*, a Neapolitan poet, wrote at the same time two pieces, the first of which was entitled *Tragedia di maximo e dannoso errore, in chi e avvilupata il fragil, e volubil sesso femineo*; this piece was written in different kinds of verse; the other was entitled *Gaudio d'Amore*, and had for its personages valets, bawds, parasites, and ladies of pleasure, after the ancient manner. *Nardi* gave, at Florence, in 1494, a comedy, entitled *l'Amicizia*, and some years before, *Hercules I*, of Est, had exhibited some pieces at Ferrara, among which were the *Mencchmi* of Plautus, the *Cefalo de Nicolo*, of *Corregio*, the *Amphytria*, translated by Collenuccio, the *Panfila d'Antonio*, of Pistoie, the *Timon of Bojardo*, &c.

Whilst the dramatic art in Italy was advancing rapidly towards the decency and regularity of the Greek originals, other nations had not abandoned their sacred farces..... The passion of Jesus Christ was the ordinary subject of them. It is supposed that one of these dramas on the passion, written about the middle of that century, was composed by *John Michel*, bishop of Angers, who died with a great reputation for sanctity. It contained the life of Jesus Christ, from the preaching of his precursor till the resurrection; and consisted of a series of scenes, each independent of the other, without being divided into acts: and these scenes were recited during several days.

In France there were companies of rehearsers, under the name of the *Children of the Passion*, the *Children without Care*, the *Clerks of the Bazoche*, and of the *Cornards*. The first represented sacred pieces, and the rest buffooneries, more or less indecent; the French, however, suspected that there were models existing of better things. Spain was continually engaged in the dialogues of buffoons, or in sacred farces, and we scarcely find two

sketches of the drama among that ingenious nation. In Germany, towards the end of the century, translations from the ancient dramatic authors began to be given. In Flanders, a kind of pantomimes were exhibited; and in England coarse farces licentiously extravagant.

The sixteenth century produced a multitude of tragedies and comedies, both in Latin and Italian. Of the former, the best were those of *Cosenze*, *Antonio Tilesio*, and *Coriolan Martirano*, who, to purity of style, and a lively expression of the passions, joined the merit of regularity in the action. The former gave subjects of his own invention; the latter translated from the Greek, but translated as a great master, of which he has left many proofs in his *Christus*.

Among the Italian tragedies, the *Sofonisba*, of *John George Trissino*, of Vicenza, received the greatest share of applause. This piece is not destitute of faults, but it abounds with those simple and natural beauties, which characterise the merit of the Greek models.

France gave the first proof of its delicate taste for theatrical pieces, by a great number of translations from the Italian, both in verse and prose, which at different times issued from the press. If the *Sofonisba* was translated and represented in France, in the same century in which *Trissino* produced it in Italy, and perhaps sixty years before the *Cid*, for which the French were indebted to Spain, and not to Italy, it appears that they were under obligations to both; but it is certain, that they could not learn from the latter the laws of the dramatic art, to which that nation has not yet submitted. The *Hecuba* and the *Orestes* of *Rucellai*, the *Tullia* of *Martelli*, the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, translated by *Alemanni*, the *OEdipus* of *Anguillara*, with magnificent decorations, rehearsed and repeated at Vicenza, in 1565, the same tragedy, translated more faithfully by *Orsatto Giustiani*, and represented in 1585, with the most

sumptuous preparations, on the *Olympic theatre*, the *Canace* of Spéroni, the seven tragedies of Girardi, the translations of Dolce, and a great many others, were in this century preludes to the *Torrismondo* of Torquato Tasso, which, without doubt, we ought to consider as the best conducted, though it is not exempted from faults. The *Torrismondo* was translated and reprinted thrice in France, before Corneille had read the Spanish comedies; and before that tragedy he had already seen the *Giamonda*, or *Tancrede*, of *Astigiano Usinari*. The *Semiramis* of *Muzio Manfredi*, of Cesenna, did much honour to the end of this century; for, notwithstanding a multitude of insipid, dry, and ill-conducted tragedies, we must allow the Italians the glory of having given the best translations from the Greek, and some good original pieces.

The Italians were so well acquainted with the Grecian erudition, in all its parts, that they displayed the ancient taste even in the construction of their theatres. What glory for a private, though noble academy, and for the city of Vicenza, which is not one of the most considerable in Italy, to possess, in 1583, such a theatre as the *Olympic*, built after the ancient manner! But it had also the good fortune to give birth within its walls, to a *Trissino*, who pointed out to all Europe the path to true tragedy, and taught architecture to the incomparable Andrea Palladio, &c. Mr. Voltaire, therefore, though not a friend to the Italians, renders public testimony in favour of the cultivated and liberal munificence of the Vicentins, and, as we may say, to their priority in tragedy, when he says, the city of Vicenza, in 1415, laid out immense sums of money for representing the first tragedy seen in Europe after the fall of the Roman empire.

While Vicenza, two centuries after the revival of the theatre of Padua, had carried tragedy to the Grecian regularity, and its representation to the highest degree of

perfection, Ferrara, not far distant from either, in which a kind of comic art had flourished from the time of Petrarch, saw, in the hands of Ariosto, comedy assume a more decent and regular form.

The *Calandra*, of cardinal de Bibbiena, the *Mandragola*, the *Cli-zia*, and the *Andria*, of Machiavelli, the *Geloso*, the *Fantasma*, of Benvoglio, the very satirical and licentious comedies of Peter Aretin, and a multitude of others, the authors of which were Trissino, Lorenzino de Medicis, Galli, Lasca, Firenzola, Contile, the celebrated Bonnode Nola, those of Secundo of Larentum, Mericonda, Guidani, Leccese, Cameli, Aquilan, Pino de Caggli, Parabosio, Borghini, Secchi, Salviati, Guarnello, Oddi de Perugia, Varchi, Caso, and of a great many others, formed a fund of theatrical compositions, filled with good things, which fully prove that Italy had a rich theatre a hundred years before France had a single comic or tragic drama that could be endured. Angelo Beolco, a comic writer at Padua, was not an actor by profession, but a gentleman *dilletante*: his comedies were printed, for the first time, at Venice, in the middle of this century. They are much superior to the greater part of the productions of that period, and Varchi preferred them to the ancient *Attellane*.

Pastoral pieces constituted a third kind known to the ancients, and which may be considered as a riches peculiar to the revival of theatrical representations. The pedants of the sixteenth century exclaimed against them, but they could never obscure the glory of the *Aminta* of Torquato Tasso, nor that of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. The pieces written in imitation of these, by a multitude of writers, are scarcely worthy of being mentioned.

SHENSTONE'S LEASOWES.

THE first offspring of Mr. Shenstone's commerce with the water-

nymphs, or, in plain prose, the first specimen of his skill in making that beautiful element contribute to his amusement, for which he was afterwards so justly celebrated, was in the grove consecrated to Virgil, about a furlong from the house. That little spot, which is now so great a beauty, was then a mere dingle, or "bosky dell," as Milton calls it. But by collecting the several rills, which supply the piece of water, under the old beeches, and making them fall over some rough stones, and conducting them, as the ground naturally meanders, amidst a few forest trees; by adding a small bridge of one arch, with a little obelisk, at a small expence, inscribed to his favourite Latin poet, he brought it, forty years ago, to its present beautiful form.

Pursuing the same ideas, he some years afterwards made that other little cascade, at the extremity of which he inscribed a seat to his noble friend, the late lord Stamford, but which the present worthy possessor has, with equal propriety, consecrated to Mr. Shenstone himself, the projector of this beautiful scene.

This cascade was absolutely no more than a mere ditch, or hedge-row of hazels, and other common brush-wood; but, by clearing away the briars and thorns, and showing the water busily huddling down amidst the roots, and glittering through the stems of the trees, it has an uncommonly beautiful effect.

His last cascade, which, from the diminutive scale on which the others were formed, he denominated a cataract, is formed by the same stream, which runs through Virgil's grove, but somewhat augmented by a few streamlets, which it meets in its passage. It falls near twenty feet, amidst some broken rocks or fragments of stone, into a deep hollow shaded with trees, which conducts it into the large expanse of of water below the ruined priory.

Mr. Shenstone having taken his farm at the Leasowes into his own hands, about the year 1745, as Dr.

Johnson says, began now indeed to *extend* his plan, and to form it into one connected whole, by a line of walks, to show its several beauties in the most striking light, and to give it a picturesque appearance on the principles of landscape gardening, which he told me he had reduced to a regular system.

The idea "that a landscape-painter would be the best English gardener," Mr. Shenstone, I believe, first expressed and pursued, in his "Thoughts on Gardening;" though Kent, and other designers of this century, must have had an idea of the thing intended. This subject M. Girardin Viscount d'Ermenonville has since developed, in his elegant and useful treatise "On the Means of improving the Country round our Habitations." It must be confessed, however, that he has greatly improved on Mr. Shenstone's system in one respect, by so intimately uniting *utility* with rural embellishment. "A virtuous citizen," says he, "who begins by admiring picturesque landscape, which pleases the *eye*, will soon endeavour to produce that moral landscape, which pleases the *mind*, by showing the inhabitants of the country happy around him. Nothing is more affecting than the sight of universal content." Then, after a few remarks on the *beauty* of a well-cultivated farm, he concludes his essay with this sensible but sarcastic reflection on the manners of the present age: "Perhaps, when every folly is exhausted, there will come a time in which men will be so far enlightened, as to prefer the real pleasures of nature to vanity and chimera."

The marquis seems also to have availed himself of Mr. Shenstone's hint, in his beautiful villa of Ermenonville, that "wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination: mottoes should allude to it; columns record it;" &c.

A part of Ermenonville had been the scene of an engagement in the civil wars ; which the marquis has distinguished by an inscription, "Ouando cives cives trucidabant," &c. In another part he has erected a tower, as the supposed scene of Henry IV's retreat with the fair Gabrielle d'Etrees, inscribed, "Tour de la belle Gabrielle," &c.

Barrington, in his History of Gardening, has repeated Shenstone's observation, "that a landscape painter would make the best designer of an English garden in the present taste," and compliments Mr. Gainsborough as the most fit for that purpose..... But, though Gainsborough so eminently excels in every branch of the art, yet, I think, his style of landscape, though the most pleasing in my eye, is less calculated for the present mode of embellishing the country round our villas, as it is generally confined to mere sylvan scenes and sequestered spots, instead of comprehending that extent of lawn, groups of trees, and distant views, which are usually found near a gentleman's seat, since that good taste has prevailed in England.

As Mr. Shenstone, after he came to settle at the Leasowes, made it his constant residence as long as he lived, he was of course continually adding to the improvements and decorations of his farm.

He built the ruined priory, adorned with the arms of his friends on gothic shields ; he cut vistas to show, from several points of view, the beautiful spire of Halesowen ; he erected urns, or placed up inscriptions to his friends or to his favourite writers ; he placed a cast of the Medicean Venus in his shrubbery ; and one of the piping fawn in a small circle of firs, hazels, and other elegant shrubs, which were some of the most expensive ornaments of his place ; for many of his seats and cascades were made by the manual labour of an old servant, under his own direction.

It is matter of surprise to Dr. Johnson, that Mr. Shenstone should be provoked at any one who came to

see his place, if they asked, "Whether there were any fish in his water?" But how would the doctor have felt himself, if, on reading his admirable satire called "London," or any other of his works, at the Bas-bleu, or any other literary assembly, a lady had coldly asked him, if he had nothing *entertaining* to read to them ?

The question which, he says, raised Mr. Shenstone's indignation, certainly betrayed an inattention to the beauties of his place ; and reminds me of an old epicure, who, walking in a fine evening in the meadows, on the banks of the Charwell, exclaimed with rapture, on the sight of a lamb that was frisking about, "pretty innocent creature, how deliciously thou wouldst eat with carrots or cauliflowers."

The same genius was discovered in improving, that, in some measure, appeared in whatever Mr. Shenstone undertook. He often made his operators perform what they represented as impracticable ; and remove partitions, the consequence of which, according to their maxims, would prove the downfall of the whole edifice. He gave his hall some air of magnificence, by sinking the floor, and giving it an altitude of ten feet instead of seven. In short, by his own good taste, and his mechanical skill, he acquired two tolerably elegant rooms, from a mere farm house of a most diminutive dimension. As for the facetious intimation, that his groves were haunted by duns, as well as by fawns and wood-nymphs, I believe it to be a groundless surmise ; Mr. Shenstone was too much respected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeness ; and though his works, frugally as they were managed, added to his manner of living, must necessarily have made him exceed his income, and, of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money ; yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults for trifling sums ; and guarded against any great distress, by anticipating a few hundreds ; which his estate could very

well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors, after the payment of his debts and his legacies to his friends, and annuities of 30*l.* a year to one servant, and of 6*l.* to another: for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity.

ON THE PASTORALS OF GESNER.

IN his pastoral poetry, next to the Italians, no one among the moderns has approached nearer than he to the divine simplicity of the ancients, and the definition of it is, what that of all pastoral poetry ought to be, that is to say, a species of composition, made to inspire a love for the pleasures of innocence, and to give lessons of the purest and mildest philosophy; that all his painting of the human heart breathes the most amiable philanthropy; that he describes happiness in the midst of the groves, under a thousand different aspects; that he exhibits, in his amours, the purest virtue; that the natural manner in which his personages express sentiments of honesty and beneficence is extremely engaging; that he shows, in a masterly manner, the grandeur, the delicacy, and the tenderness with which he displays the affections of a father, a husband, and a son; thus all the ties which nature has employed to form the first foundations of society, and the ordinary events of life, are continually found among his characters, and re-appear under forms and colours that instruct at the same time that they interest; and lastly, that he is the first who has given to pastoral poetry all the extent and perfection of which it is susceptible.

It is truly a strange and disagreeable thing, that any one should have had the courage to condemn him, in Italy, where a taste for pastoral poetry, cherished and brought to perfection by the *Arcadia*, the *Amynta*, and the *Pastor Fido*, and a natural taste for rural beauties, animated and strengthened by a dis-

position so lively and affable, should rather unite in favour of this poet, idolized by the French, the English, and the Germans....in Italy, which he loved more than any stranger ever, perhaps, will....in Italy, where the translations of his works touched his heart more than those of any other nation. On this account he was accustomed to say, that he perceived himself in ours, but that he found only 'his shadow in all the rest.

As to the uniformity in his poetry, of which Gesner has been accused, this charge is destitute of foundation, either because the species of poetry he has chosen is, by its nature, confined within the bounds of a certain apparent uniformity, or because the poet of Zurich knew to modify this intrinsic uniformity of the subject with more art than Theocritus or Virgil, though he has written six times as much as they in the pastoral kind; and this will appear very natural, if we reflect that Gesner was acquainted with painting and engraving; and that, uniting these two arts, he could easily suggest beauties, which the poet, without being a painter, or the painter without being a poet, would never have found.

His imagery, especially that which he wrote when he had attained to the age of thirty, sufficiently prove that this knowledge was extremely useful to him; the effect of both is doubled by the harmony which the two arts give them. His painting often awakens that succession of ideas, which Albano so much desired, and which he never perfectly obtained but by the means of poetry. Several of his idyls present to the imagination those rapid effects of the *claro oscuro* of the painting, which Dante, by the extent of his genius, acquired, in a degree superior to all the moderns, without being a painter.

Some of the paintings and poems of Gesner, which produced so grand and enchanting delusions, are, with one another, like the union of two voices in perfect unison. An excellent connoisseur has already been

charmed with the frequent reading of his description of conjugal happiness, and of an amiable spouse, with two pretty children; a description contained in his idyl, entitled, *A Morning in Autumn*: but when he went to see the painting, in which the subject of the same idyl was represented, by the force of an allusion, of which he had never before entertained any idea, he really imagined that he heard the tender expressions of this happy spouse, and the inarticulate sounds of joy uttered by the charming young ones; he thought he saw their little hands stroaking the visage of their father.

By his knowledge of these two arts, Gesner acquired another engaging beauty in his poetry, respecting the expression of effects. The precision and propriety of words, their sound and arrangement is such, that they present, in an instant, the attitudes, and even the colour proper for each passion, and they always make one comprehend more than is read. The finest strokes of the expression of effects are heightened by an almost imperceptible gradation, so that we feel all the force of them, without perceiving the art. This gradation could not be disposed and directed but by the hand of a painter, able to open such paths, where, by moving the heart, an impression is made on the mind, while the imagination is delighted.

This harmonical union enabled Gesner also to delineate in his poetry certain images more than human, to render them almost perceptible to the senses, and to insinuate into them the ethereal influence of the models of these images. We imagine that we see the rays which proceed from the forehead of his deities; we behold their winged ministers seated on clouds; we observe their motion, when he makes them descend, like the soft and gentle fall of the April showers; we distinguish the odour of those flowers with which they are crowned; and we behold them starting into life, their motions full of graceful-

ness and vivacity, with their celestial looks, and their heavenly smiles.

STATE OF WOMEN AMONG THE ARABS.

MARRIAGE here is not a contract which requires the consent of both parties. It is a bargain concluded between the parents of the woman and the person who intends to espouse her. In order to obtain her, he has no need to win her heart, or to merit her good graces; for if he presents himself, with one or two beautiful cows, well fed, he is certain of being favourably received. The parents keep the cows, and deliver over their daughter in their stead. Whether she is to be happy, or unhappy, is not their business: she is sold. If she displeases her husband, he sends her back to her parents, and purchases another, or even several, if he be rich. If the repudiated woman happens to please another, he may make a bargain, but she will cost him less, as she has before had another husband.

To the woman alone is committed the whole management of the family, which is very fatiguing sometimes, when these Arab hordes often change the place of their residence. To grind corn, to make it into *courcoucon*, to cook it, to milk the cows, and to churn butter, all belong to the women; but this is the easiest part. Whilst the men pass their lives in idleness, they leave to the women the severest labours. It is they who cut wood, and who, with great fatigue, carry it upon their shoulders. I have often met them with burdens so enormous, that I could not distinguish, till very near, under a branchy load, a small human figure, disgusting with sweat, and extenuated with toil. It is they, also, who often sow and till the earth. Their hardships, however, are still greater, when it is necessary to pull up the poles of their tents. The husband mounts his

horse very peaceably, without any other incumbrance, except his arms, while the wife walks on foot, loaded with kitchen furniture, and sometimes with the tent, when there is no animal to carry it. The husband often has the cruelty to beat her severely, when, in that situation, she is not able to keep up with his horse. Thus is she obliged to travel across burning sands, having often nothing either to eat or drink.

The slave, rather than the companion of her husband, she can expect from him neither tenderness nor affection. He never speaks but as an imperious master, who is sensible of that superiority which nature has given him over the woman, by making him stronger. These unhappy wretches are subordinate to their children, and even to their slaves; they never eat till they have finished, and they are obliged to be contented with what they leave..... When they are not called abroad by labour, they remain shut up in their tents, where they sit squatting down amidst filth and vermin. They almost all have the itch, and diffuse an infectious smell every where around them. Their dress consists only of a few greasy rags, which they never wash. They have no linen, and carry their whole paltry wardrobe along with them.

Employed in continual exercise, their being with child is no reason for diminishing their labours; they are never interrupted but at the moment when they bring forth..... They have neither midwives nor surgeons amongst them. They all deliver themselves, and their bed of pain is the bare ground. Several of them wash their children as soon as they are born, and wrap them up in a corner of their robe; in other respects they abandon them to nature, and allow them nothing but what is necessary to support their existence. When scarcely brought to bed, these women resume their labours, to which is added that of feeding their children. Though little cared for, extended on a small bundle of straw, scarcely covered

with a few rags, without swaddling clothes, and without bandages, these children, however, become strong and vigorous in a little time, and soon follow their mothers to the fields.

The Arabs of the mountains are much less jealous than those in the towns; none but their chiefs keep their wives shut up. The rest, though they wished to do it, could not, unless they were resolved to supply the places of their wives in their domestic labours; but in them laziness is much more predominant than jealousy. These women never have their faces covered, though they ought to use veils, to hide their ugliness, rather than to conceal their beauty. I never saw such disgusting creatures. Their complexion is like soot; their skin is dry and parched, and their whole body is painted with different fantastical figures, formed with gunpowder and antimony..... Scarcely have they passed the bounds of infancy, when the signs of premature old age appear on their countenances. They are early deformed by wrinkles, but it is easily perceived that they are only the effects of forced labour and misfortune, and not of the ravage of years. It is impossible to behold them, and not be moved with compassion..... The attracting graces of youth have not time to display themselves, and from infancy to old age there is scarcely any gradation. Dead eyes, a cast down and disordered look, hollow cheeks, a back bent by excess of labour, signs of the greatest misery in the whole external appearance, dejection, heaviness, and the most gloomy melancholy, form the portrait of the greater part of the Arab mountaineers. They marry very young, bring forth few children, and early terminate their unfortunate career.

In cities, the women lose in point of liberty, as much as they gain in point of labour. By the jealousy of their husbands, they are subjected to perpetual imprisonment. Women of distinction never go abroad; those who are seen in the streets are

of the lowest class, and even these wear a very large and thick white veil, which reaches down to their knees. They have their faces covered also with another veil, which is applied like a mask. Their under dress is a large white sheet, or blanket, arranged in the form of a robe. They all have long drawers, which descend to their heels, and on their feet they wear high-heeled shoes. In such a dress these women appear as if wrapt in a large bale of cloth, and it is impossible to judge what they are under such a covering, which entirely conceals all their graces. In their houses they lay aside part of their dress, and, in the evening, when their husbands are at the mosque, it is not uncommon to see them enjoying the cool air on their terraces; but they instantly disappear at the sight of a man....I mean a mussulman....for they are very fond of the christians, and when they perceive them, they readily expose to their view every thing that the jealousy of their husbands obliges them to hide. With such a disposition, and, above all, under so great a constraint, an intrigue might soon be formed and terminated; but here there is no greater crime than gallantry, especially in a European. If one is caught, death is unavoidable, and there are no other means of escaping it, except to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and to espouse the woman that has been seduced. If she be married, there is no resource for either of the parties.... The woman is inclosed in a sack, and thrown into the sea; and the man is burnt alive, or cut into a thousand pieces.

The women in towns not being, like the mountaineers, burnt by the sun, and oppressed by labour, are almost all very beautiful, exceedingly fair, and of an agreeable stature. Their gait is noble and grave, and their carriage is majestic, but they want those graces which are acquired by frequenting company. Lost to the world, and to the sweets of social life, these charming seques-

tered females live only for one man, who gives himself little trouble to indemnify them for the loss of liberty.

THE USE OF PAINT BY THE LADIES DEFENDED.

I DO not mean to write a formal essay in support of this practice, which is now so common, but will only attempt to remove a few of the prejudices which people of antiquated manners and notions yet entertain; or, if their prejudices prove too deeply rooted, to set the rising generation, at least, entirely free from them.

Our local situation, and the caustic writings of the moralists of the last century, a good deal retarded, I doubt not, the adoption of a fashion so long prevalent among our neighbours, and in which we now seem to take the lead. The Spectator, by a single reproachful word, struck a terror into the hearts of those ladies who wished to improve upon nature, and the term *Pict*, for a time, proved a barrier to art: but science is progressive; for a while it may be obscured, though it must, at length, break out, and will then shine with a renewed lustre.

Universality of opinion has been used as an argument in support of the most sublime of truths; and may not universality of practice be esteemed equally valid in support of any particular custom, especially when that custom seems to bid defiance to every attempt of wit and reasoning to suppress it? A custom which is built on the broadest basis; which may extend to every female under heaven; which is to banish ugliness from the face of the earth; by which the old, the wrinkled, the haggard, the emaciated, may be made to appear as young and beautiful as Hebe; and which tends so much to humble the pride, and mortify the self-sufficiency of those vain females, to whom nature has given fair faces: a pride which to a pro-

verb is offensive. By these means every woman may not only equal, but far surpass them, in what is generally thought desirable. That bloom, which is nothing more than the "*tincture of the skin*," is subject to a thousand accidents; the sun, the air, an improper thought, an indelicate expression, a nod, a whisper, heightens or impairs it: but the complexion which is fashioned by art can sustain these and much greater trials, and would, perhaps, rise superior to obscenity itself. Besides, how humane and charitable! Those poor unfortunate creatures, who, together with their innocence, have lost their roseate hue, those unhappy frail ones are hid and sheltered in the *painted crowd*, and he must have more than common penetration who can distinguish the duchess from the courtesan. The heart of benevolence has been much employed in plans for separating and secluding them from society, and by these means attempting their amendment; but surely the end is answered much better, when the *more reputable class* of women voluntarily sink themselves in all outward appearance, to a level with them. As it is well known nothing tends more to prevent reformation of manners than public notoriety, could any better plan than this have been hit upon? A painted face, which might have been as distinguishing a mark of a wanton as that which God fixed upon Cain was of a murderer, is now, through the kindness of women of rank, so common, as to be no distinguishing mark at all; and *they* ought accordingly to receive every token of esteem and approbation, for the asylum thus afforded their unhappy sisters!

Some have been so mean as to decry this custom, on account of the time it must necessarily take up, which, they say, should be otherwise employed. But how can women in superior life, who are exempt from all the cares and offices of lesser mortals, employ themselves better than in adorning their persons, or

hiding such defects as nature may have left them? We all esteem those who improve the mind; should not some little praise be given to those who render the face more lovely? 'Tis true it has been said, that those who once paint must always continue to do so, and there may be times and seasons when it will be inconvenient, though, I must confess, I cannot allow much weight to this: as a lover, or a husband, will undoubtedly rest satisfied with a palid face at home, if his mistress, or his wife, appears sufficiently beautiful abroad; just as people submit to little domestic vexations, from the comfortable hope of meeting with regard and attachment in public.

The expence is so trifling, that I have sometimes been a little surprised the custom has continued so long, in a country where expence seems one of the necessary appendages of pleasure. But this, instead of weakening, is a strong presumption in its favour, as it is a proof of some inherent excellence, and that it owes not its continuation to any such accidental circumstance as that.

The health, I must allow, may be injured; but that, when put in competition with so many advantages, appears beneath the consideration of a *fine lady*, whose chief aim is not length of days, but enjoyment of life: and what enjoyment can she have, without the reputation of beauty? Should any little ailment be brought on, is there not the greatest room for the display of firmness, resignation, and constancy of mind, graces and excellencies which, I doubt not, those who are at so much pains to improve their faces, are very fully endowed with? as it is totally inconceivable that those who embellish the exterior so very artfully, should neglect the cultivation of the virtues, which a beautiful appearance is only meant to give a faint token of, and to which it is but subservient.

To lay the improprieties of conduct, and the levities which some

fashionable women are guilty of, to the account of painting, seems to me to be carrying matters much too far, and accounting for things in too mechanical a way, as I am unable to perceive how stopping up the pores of the neck and face can prove an incentive to amorous dalliance. Had the light-headedness of the modern fair ones been the supposed effect, I might have had some hesitation, as it is not absolutely incredible, that a swimming or giddiness of brain may be thus brought on; though this seems to be making those ladies too much like machines, who are commonly allowed to be governed by impulses of their own.

But I find I am getting out of my depth, and had better leave the farther discussion of so delicate a subject to men who are more intimately acquainted with the human frame, and know better the nature of the ingredients commonly made use of than I do.

I shall only farther observe, that Jezebel, a woman notorious in scripture for painting her face and decorating her person, although she met with an untimely, miserable death, appears not to have been so severely punished for any profusion in regard to those matters, as for crimes of a very black dye; and that had she only studied to *please* herself, and *amuse* her husband, like the ladies of our metropolis, when they give a foreign glow to the complexion, she might have gone to the grave, if not full of years and glory, at least without the infamy which is now ever attendant upon her name.

A LADIES' MAN.

ON METEORS.

By Bertholon.

IN many works of the ancients, and in almost all modern voyages, mention is made of those fires, known to antiquity by the names

of Helen, Castor, and Pollux, and which, in certain circumstances, were observed at the tops of masts of vessels. They were considered sometimes as a good omen, and sometimes as the presages of a storm. It is generally believed that only one or two of these fires appear on ships; but count de Forbin saw more than thirty on his vessel during a dreadful storm. That which he perceived on the vane of the main top gallant mast, was a foot and a half high. Having ordered a sailor to lay hold of this fire, a noise was heard like that of gunpowder kindled after being wetted, and when the vane was taken away, the light quitted it, and placed itself on the mast.

Captain Waddel, in an account of the effects produced by lightning in his ship, speaks of some of those fires called St. Helme, which were of an extraordinary size, and says, that before the clap of thunder, several large flames of fire were seen at the summits of the top gallant masts. On the 9th of May, 1752, beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they were attacked by a storm, accompanied with dreadful thunder. Amidst the tempest they saw a light, like that of a candle, on the main mast, for two nights successively. The Portuguese call this fire *corpo-santo*.

The ancients appear to have been acquainted with these fires. Pliny gives them the name of stars. These stars, says he, appear both at sea and on land. I have seen a light under this form on the pikes of the soldiers, who were on guard, in the night time, on the ramparts. Some of them have been seen also on the masts, and other parts of vessels, which emitted a strange sound, and often changed their situation. Two of these lights predicted fine weather, and a prosperous voyage, and drove away another, which appeared alone, and had a threatening aspect. The mariners call the latter Helen, but they name the other two Castor and Pollux, and invoke them as gods. These lights place them-

elves sometimes on the heads of men, and are a good and favourable omen.

Fires of greater or less size are observed also in different places during storms, at the extremities of the crosses on steeples, and at the summits of weather-cocks, which have a certain elevation. Dalibard quotes the observations of a person who had several times remarked, during storms in the night time, fires of this kind, at the point of the iron rod of a weather-cock, which stood before the window of his apartment. Lomanosow observed in the time of a tempest and storm, luminous pencils, which proceeded with a crackling noise, from a bar of iron opposite a window: these pencils were three feet in length, and a foot broad.

Sauvan, on July 22, 1783, perceived the ball on the steeple of the church belonging to the Grand Augustins, at Avignon, crowned with a light, which continued three quarters of an hour, and disappeared at eleven at night. During a very violent storm, which happened on the 5th of June, 1783, at Chamberi, after excessive heat, accompanied with abundant rain, with thunder and lightning, the heavens being obscured both by thick clouds and by the approach of night, and several of the clouds being highly electric, Daquin discovered one, which, being charged with a great quantity of electric matter, was placed directly above, and very near the point of the steeple. Had the cloud been nearer, had the electric fluid been more abundant in the atmosphere, or had the bells been imprudently rung, the lightning would have fallen on this edifice, which a conductor would have saved, had this accident happened.

Lichtenberg several times observed this phenomenon. The first time, it was on the steeple of St. James's church at Gottingen, in August, 1786. The tower of Naumbourg, says he, has been celebrated, but at present Gottingen has one also. This tower, however, does

not emit light always, and it is probably only during storms of long duration, when the stones, and the roof are well moistened; besides, when the electricity of the stormy clouds is positive, nothing is seen instead of a luminous pencil but a small star, and those sort of stars are not perceptible at a great distance. These phenomena would be much oftener seen, were there a greater number of observers, who, on the approach of storms, or during their continuance, would devote some time to observations of this kind.

If one is desirous of representing the phenomenon of the fire of St. Helme, and that seen upon steeples, nothing is necessary but to place an insulated iron spike under the grand conductor of an electrical machine in motion. A luminous pencil will then be observed, especially in a dark chamber. The same effect will be produced, even if the spike be not insulated, but then the pencil will be much less brilliant.

Amongst fiery meteors are reckoned also those which the vulgar call *Will-with-a-wisp*, and *Jack-in-a-lanthorn*. These are of two kinds, one of which appears generally on the heads of men or of animals, and is called *ignis-lambens*; the other is that light which is observed in church-yards, and in bogs and quagmires.

The first kind of fire perceived in certain circumstances on the heads of children, women, and even of some men, as also on the manes of horses and backs of oxen, cats and rabbits, &c. was known to the ancients, as appears from Virgil:

— oritur mirabile monstrum :
Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tractuque innoxia
molli
Lambere flamma comas et circum tem-
pora pasci :
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque
flagrantem
Executere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.

These luminous phenomena are all the effects of spontaneous animal electricity, as may be proved by several instances of light being emitted from the bodies of certain animals, sometimes when excited by rubbing, and sometimes without any friction at all.

The second kind of fire appears sometimes, during the summer and autumn, in marshy places, and often strikes a terror into the country people, who are far from ascribing it to a physical cause. What tends to confirm them is, that these fires seem to follow people who fly from them, and to fly from those that follow them; and that when they take them as their guides, they often fall into ditches. These effects result from the extreme mobility and lightness of these fires, which the smallest current of air hurries along with it, according to the direction of the person who pursues the luminous body. One ought, therefore, to advance towards it, when one wishes to get from it; and on this account these lights appear to approach people who endeavour to avoid them. Besides, this fire is more capable of dazzling than of giving light in obscurity. These fires may arise from the inflammable air of marshes, from electricity, or from both united. Experience and observation prove, that in marshy places there is inflammable air; to obtain it, we need only stir the slime in such places with a stick, and immediately a considerable quantity of it may be seen to rise through the water which covers its surface. If at that moment a candle be applied, the inflammable air instantly takes fire, and the flame will extend to a considerable distance. On this cause depend several known phenomena, which it was impossible well to explain before the discovery of gas..... Such are those observed in the neighbourhood of Lake Major, near Como, in Italy; in New Jersey, in America; in Dauphiny; and in several other places. They proceed from inflammable gas, produced by

animal and vegetable substances, reduced to putrefaction in marshes or burying-grounds: and this gas takes fire spontaneously, or by some external causes. Subterranean electricity has a great share in the production of these phenomena. If the electric fluid superabounds sometimes in the bosom of the earth, some of it must escape to restore an equilibrium under the form of electric pencils. This electric fire, being, by its nature, exceedingly rare, will appear very light, and easy to be moved, and will readily yield to the smallest force impressed on it.

Electric pencils, which issue from the surface of a charged conductor full of asperities, or from that of a metal plate, on which several scratches have been made, will serve to explain this phenomenon. Though the electric fluid can alone produce a kind of fire in earth, which is neither marshy nor filled with inflammable air, yet as these appearances are more common in burying-grounds, and the neighbourhood of bogs, and places of the like nature, it is more proper to ascribe them to inflammable air and electricity conjointly. The inflammable gas, from the bosom of the earth, animal and vegetable substances fermenting and mixing at its surface with atmospheric air, may be easily kindled, either by the electric fluid accumulated in pyrites or some metallic particles; and sparkling in its passages to other substances, or by the electric fluid darting from the earth into the atmosphere, or from the latter to the earth.

To render this clearer we may perform the following experiment: inject some inflammable air, by means of a full bladder, terminated at the neck by a cock, with a long pipe fixed to it, into a bason filled with soapy water. When a lighted candle is brought near the surface of the water, a slight flame is seen shining, which is so moveable, that the least breath determines its direction with the utmost facility. If one moves the hand with a certain

velocity backwards or forwards, the flame immediately seems to follow it, or to fly from it.

If atmospheric air be mixed with inflammable air, a detonation ensues, and it becomes incomparably much louder when the mixture is made with dephlogisticated air. I shall never forget, that having one day tried an experiment in the latter manner, though there were three hundred people in the hall, the report was so strong, that for a quarter of an hour every body was deaf, and I was obliged to suspend the explanation for some time. Inflammable air therefore acts sometimes with electricity, in the production of several terrestrial fiery meteors, whether they be accompanied with an explosion or not; but in general, except in the case of what is called the *ignis fatuus*, or *Will-with-a-wisp*, observed in marshes, inflammable air is only a secondary cause.

COUNT BONNEVAL.

COUNT DE BONNEVAL, of an ancient family in Limousin, served in the French marine and infantry, but having been obliged to leave the court, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV, on account of his satirical disposition, he went into the emperor's service, where he arrived to the rank of general of artillery. Having quarrelled with prince Eugene, he went to Venice, where the republic, afraid of embroiling itself, rejected an offer which he made of his services. He then went to Bosnia, where Aly Pacha Ekin-Oglou, a distinguished general, showed him how difficult it would be for him to avoid the animadversion of prince Eugene, and advised him to exchange his hat for a turban, as being more commodious. This officer, raised at Constantinople to the rank of general of artillery, lived there in honourable mediocrity, till the 22d of March, 1747.

VOL. II. NO. XV.

ANECDOTES.

THE celebrated Montesquieu, being one day at the house of a Jew, who was a rich banker, found him busily employed in sharpening a knife, destined for performing some act of Jewish discipline. Montesquieu having asked him why he sharpened his knife with so much care, he replied, because Moses had commanded that it should have no teeth. Montesquieu then bid him continue his operation, and when the scrupulous Jew was satisfied, the president took out a magnifying glass, and showed him abundance of large teeth, where the naked eye could discover nothing but a fine edge. "Ah, sir," cried the frightened Israelite, "it is a real saw; I am quite unhappy; I must begin my labour again." "Be easy," replied Montesquieu, "and consider your knife as properly sharpened; he who made your laws did not use spectacles."

M. de Malezieux, speaking one day to the duke of Orleans, regent of France, respecting a treaty of peace that had been just concluded, observed, that it would have been prudent to insert some obscure clause in it, the interpretation of which might, at a convenient opportunity, furnish a pretence for renewing the war. "That," replied the prince, "is not necessary; when people have money enough to go to war, they need not care a farthing for a pretence."

The deys of Algiers are never ashamed to mention the meanness of their extraction, as they think that the distinction conferred on them by the power which they exercise is a sufficient title to nobility. Dr. Shaw relates, that the dey of Algiers who was upon the throne when he travelled in that country, replied to the deputy consul of a neighbouring nation, who had of-

fended him, "My mother sold sheep's trotters, and my father neat's tongues, but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale such a bad tongue as thine."

A Spaniard, who was established in a small town of Holland, and who must have died of hunger had he not had a servant who spoke Dutch and Spanish, said one day to a Spanish traveller, who came to see him, "How stupid the people are in this country! I have resided here twenty-five years, and yet nobody understands what I say."

The clergymen, who performed service in the Lutheran church at Potsdam, which Fouga, a celebrated architect, ornamented with an elegant facade of cut stone, represented to the late king of Prussia, that it obscured the interior part of the church so much, that the people could not see to read the psalms. The building, however, being so far advanced that this inconvenience could not be remedied, his majesty wrote the following answer at the bottom of the memorial: "Blessed are those who believe and who do not see."

Under the ministry of cardinal Fleury, some rewards were granted to all the officers of a certain regiment, except to the chevalier de Ferigouse, one of the lieutenants. This gentleman, who was a Gascon, happening one day to be present at the minister's audience, thought proper to address him in the following words: "I do not know, my lord, by what fatality it happened that I was under cover, when your eminence was showering down your favours on the whole regiment."..... The cardinal was so well pleased with this singular expression, that the chevalier soon after obtained what he wished for.

A gentleman, of a very extraordinary disposition, having heard the fable of the harpies read in the court of Alphonso V, king of Arragon, imagined that it was done with a view to ridicule him, because the poets pretend that these monsters inhabited a certain isle near Sicily, from which his family was originally sprung. The monarch, observing that he seemed to be much offended, said to him, "Be not uneasy, sir; the harpies no longer reside in that place; they are now dispersed throughout the courts of princes, and it is there that these ravenous birds have for some time fixed their abode."

John Raulin, of the order of Cluny, in his *Sermones quadragesimales*, speaking of fasting, says: "A coach goes faster when it is empty; by fasting a man can be better united to God: for it is a principle with geometers, that a round body can never touch a plane surface, except in one point; but God is this surface, according to these words, *Justus et rectus Dominus*. A belly too well fed becomes round; it cannot therefore touch God, except in one point; but fasting flattens the belly, and it is then that it is united with the surface of God in all points."

A courtier, who was wearied with waiting in the anti-chamber of a great man, repeated the two following lines, which terminate a Latin epigram:

Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures
Saltem aliquis veniat qui mihi dicat: abi.

MAMMUTHIAN MODE OF MAKING WAR.

AS to the mode of conducting war, from its first commencement to its conclusion, here it is. When any

difference arises between two nations, who, it is needless to say, are commonly neighbours, the first step is an appeal to the doctors. These are a kind of rabbis, or professors of moral philosophy, comprehending all religious and moral duty, from that which a man owes to his cat at his fire-side up to the most abstracted notions in natural religion, and the most important question in the law of nations. An equal number of doctors, chosen on both sides, meet, at a fixed place on the confines, where they protract their debates on the points in dispute for days, weeks, and even months. When they cannot, by mutual concession, settle matters among themselves, which they very seldom can, other doctors are sent for from other nations, by whose mediation and authority all disputes are compromised in an amicable, at least in a peaceable manner. But when good agreement is not to be restored, either by argument or authority, then an appeal is made from the doctors to the dogs, that is, from reason to brutal force.

War being proclaimed, the armies are called from their cantonments, disposed in garrisons, or marched to secure passes in the frontiers. Magazines are formed, and stratagems laid for intercepting convoys. In short, all the great operations of war are performed in the same manner as in Europe, with this difference, that the only weapon of war that is at all employed, is the living jaw of a dog armed with a set of strong teeth. No gunpowder! no mines, countermines, batteries! no firing with guns, great or small! no pushing with pike, spear, or bayonet! no smiting with the sword! the officers direct and encourage their dogs; but to action of any kind themselves they do not proceed: this would be deemed altogether monstrous and inhuman, and utterly below the dignity of human creatures. When I described to the Mammuthians the manner of carrying on war in Europe; when I told

them that a single man or woman, whether from an ambition of conquest, from personal disgust, or the mere langour of inoccupation, could call thousands and hundreds of thousands of men together by the breath of their mouth, and engage them, armed not only with the lethal point of iron and edge of steel, but with the thunder of heaven and the fury of hell, like so many dogs, in the most fierce and bloody contests; when I told them that the most generous spirits amongst us gloried in this employment, and that military skill and valour was the surest road to acceptance with our ladies, popularity with the multitude, and favour with kings, they from that moment began to speak of the *little red monkies beyond the belts*, not as formerly, with a kind mixture of sympathy and laughter, but with extreme aversion and contempt; and this circumstance determined me to make my stay among them as short as possible, for I plainly perceived that they now regarded me rather as a dog than as a man. In reality, if the truth must be confessed, the life of a mercenary soldier, whether officer or private, is not a life of honour; and the splendour that is diffused around it, by the illusion of imagination and the power of habit, is one of the most striking instances that has yet occurred, in the ever-varying scene of human affairs, of the force of prejudice. "For one MAN," said a Mammuthian to me, "to set another MAN a-fighting, whenever he chuses to cry YERR, and to insult him with such exclamations as *Well done, Gripe-fast! Well done, Tearer!* Why, this is to consider him as a creature of a different species; it is as if a sheep should in the midst of his fold put on the nature of a tyger." It is fit that I take notice here of the great respect that is paid, in all Mammuthian governments, to personal rights, and the dignity of human nature. The idea that constantly occurred to the Mammuthians, whenever I described any act of despotism, was what has just

been mentioned, "That it was considering men as beasts, and not as human creatures."

ACCOUNT OF THE LARGE DIAMOND, CALLED THE REGENT, NOW ON THE HILT OF BONAPARTE'S SWORD OF STATE.

By the Duke de St. Simon.

A PERSON employed in the diamond mines*, found means to conceal one of a prodigious size in his fundament; and what is more wonderful, to reach the sea shore, and to embark without being subjected to that trial to which all those are put whose rank and employment do not secure them from such an experiment: this trial is, to be purged and receive a glyster, in order that they may void whatever they have swallowed, or thrust into the anus. This man managed matters so well, that he was not even suspected of having been near the mines, or of carrying on any trade in jewels. To add to his good fortune, he arrived in Europe with his diamond, showed it to

* The richest diamond mines in the world are in the kingdom of Golconda, in the East Indies, and the mine of Couhour, or Gano, produces the largest. A celebrated Indian commander, named Mirgimola, made a present to Aureng-Zeb of a diamond from this mine, which weighed nine hundred carats before it was cut. According to the calculation of Tavernier, the celebrated traveller, the famous diamond of the great mogul, which is of the most beautiful form and finest water, weighs 279 carats 9-16, and is valued at about 488,409l. sterling. The diamond called the Tuscan, and which belongs to the emperor, weighs 939 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats; it is pure, and of a beautiful shape, and cannot be estimated at less than 117,013l. sterling. The diamond which count Orloff presented, in 1772, to the empress of Russia, on the day of her festival, weighs, cut as it is, 193 carats, and was purchased of an Armenian merchant, for about the sum of 104,166l.

several princes, who were unable to buy it, and at last carried it to England, where the king admired it much, though he could not resolve to purchase it. A chrystal model of it was made in that country; from which the man with his diamond, and the model perfectly like it, were sent to Law, who proposed it to the regent for the king.

The price frightened the regent, and he refused to purchase it; but Law, who, in many things, thought like a great man, came to me in great consternation, bringing the model along with him. I agreed with him in opinion, that it was not consistent with the magnificence of the king of France to reject it, and though the price of it was very great, yet, as it was a singular thing of the kind, and of inestimable value, which several potentates had not dared even to think of, I was the more desirous that his majesty should get possession of it. Law, overjoyed to find me think in that manner, begged me to speak of it to the duke of Orleans. The state of the finances, however, was an obstacle upon which the regent greatly insisted, as he was afraid of being blamed for making such a considerable purchase, at a time when it was so difficult to supply the pressing necessities of the state, and when so many people were left destitute. This sentiment I commended; but I told him that he ought not to behave with the greatest sovereign in Europe, as he would with a humble individual, who would be highly culpable for throwing away a hundred thousand franks to adorn himself with a fine diamond, while he was deeply in debt, and had not enough to satisfy his creditors; that he ought to consider the situation of the crown, and not let slip the only opportunity of procuring a diamond of inestimable value, which would eclipse all those of Europe; that it would be a lasting glory to his regency; that in whatever condition the finances were, the saving made by refusing this offer would not retrieve them much, and that the ad-

ditional burden occasioned by the purchase of it would not be felt: in short, I did not quit the duke till I had obtained his consent that the diamond should be purchased. Before Law spoke to me, he had represented to the merchant, in such a light, the impossibility of selling his diamond at the price he proposed, and the loss and danger he would experience in cutting it into pieces, that he made him come down to about 183,000*l.* sterling, allowing him besides all the dust that might arise from it when cut. The bargain being concluded in this manner, the interest of the above sum was paid him until he should receive the principal, and jewels to the amount were given him, as a security that the payment would be made good. The duke of Orleans, notwithstanding his apprehensions, was agreeably surprised by the applauses bestowed on him by the people, for so singular and noble an action; and the diamond was called the regent. It is of the size of a plumb, and is almost round; its colour is perfectly pure, and free from red spots or flaws, and it weighs more than five hundred grains. I applauded myself much for having prevailed on the regent to make such a noble purchase.

ORGANIZATION OF SNAKES.

THEIR skeleton is, above all, composed of a long series of vertebræ, which extend to the end of the tail. The apophyses, or protuberances of these vertebræ, in the greater part of serpents, are placed in such a manner, that the animal can turn itself in all directions, and even fold its body back several times on itself. Besides, in almost all reptiles, the vertebræ move very easily in respect to one another, the posterior extremity of each being terminated by a sort of ball, which is placed in the cavity of the following joint, and plays there very freely as in a socket. The heart of ser-

pents consists only of one ventricle, and their respiration is not so frequent as that of viviparous quadrupeds and birds. Instead of contracting and dilating the lungs by quick and regular oscillations, they suffer the portion of atmospheric air which they have rapidly inhaled to escape slowly. Serpents are furnished with almost as many viscera as the best organized animals. They have an œsophagus generally very long, and susceptible of great dilatation, a stomach, a liver, with a gall-bladder, and long intestines; which, by their twistings, their different diameters, and the transversal separations which they contain, form several distinct portions analogous to the pitted intestines, and the large intestines of viviparous animals, and after several sinuosities, they terminate by a straight part, or a kind of rectum, as in quadrupeds. They have two reins, the conduits of which are not terminated by a bladder, properly so called, but discharge themselves into a common receptacle like that of birds, thus mixing both their solid and liquid excrements together. In the same common receptacle are placed the genital parts of the male, and it is there also that the ovary orifices of the female open.

Almost all the scales with which serpents are covered, and especially the large ones, which are placed on the upper part of their bodies, are capable of being moved independent of one another. They can make each of these scales stand erect by a particular muscle, which terminates there; each of these pieces then, by rising and falling, becomes a kind of foot, by means of which they find resistance; consequently a point of support on the ground, over which they pass, and can throw themselves forward, as one may say, in whatever direction they choose to advance. Serpents, however, move by a means still more powerful; they raise into an arch a larger or smaller part of their body, bring together the two extremities of it, which touch the

ground, and when they are nearly close, one of them serves as a point of support to dart forward, by stretching out that part which was formed into an arch. When they are desirous of advancing, they support themselves on the posterior extremity of the arch, and upon the opposite part when they wish to retreat. While serpents are executing these different movements, they keep their heads raised from the earth, in proportion to their strength, and as they are animated by livelier sensations.

A thousand absurdities have been written and propagated respecting the copulation of serpents. The truth is, that the male and the female, whose bodies are extremely flexible, twist themselves one around the other, and squeeze each other so closely, that they seem to form one body with two heads. The male then emits from his anus the parts destined to impregnate the female, and these parts in serpents are double as well as in several species of oviparous quadrupeds, and this union continues generally very long. Without this duration it would very often be fruitless. They indeed have no seminal vessels, and it appears that it is in that kind of reservoir that the prolific liquor of animals ought to be collected in order to furnish in a short space of time a sufficient quantity for secundation. All serpents are produced from an egg, like oviparous quadrupeds, birds, and fishes; but in some of these reptiles, the eggs are hatched in the belly of the mother. In others, the females, after depositing them, do not sit upon them, but leave them on the bare

ground, especially in warm countries. Often, however, they sit upon them with more or less care, according as the heat of the atmosphere is more or less intense.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN
DECEMBER.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE Universal Restoration of all Men proved by scripture, reason, and common sense, by Joseph Young, M. D.—Samuel Campbell, New York, 1 dollar.

Matilda Berkly, or Family Anecdotes. By the author of the History Lady Emma Melcombe and her Family, &c.—J. Gales, Raleigh, N. C. 87 cents.

New York Term Reports of Cases argued and determined in the supreme court of that state. By George Caines, counsellor at law and reporter to the state.—Isaac Riley & co. New York, 5 dollars 50 cents.


Cicero Delphini.—A. Davis, New York.

A Report of the Trial on an action for damages brought by the Rev. Charles Massey, against the most noble the marquis of Headfort, for criminal conversation with the Plaintiff's wife, damages laid at 40,000l.—B. Dornin, New York, 50 cents.

Popular Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, 3 vols. in 2.—James Humphries, 2 dollars 25 cents.

END OF VOLUME II.

LRBJe28



22

o
e
e

l
h
5
w

e-
y
er
N.

es
u-
By
w
ac
50

w

an
ne
he
rt,
he
at
50

ge-
ph-

9